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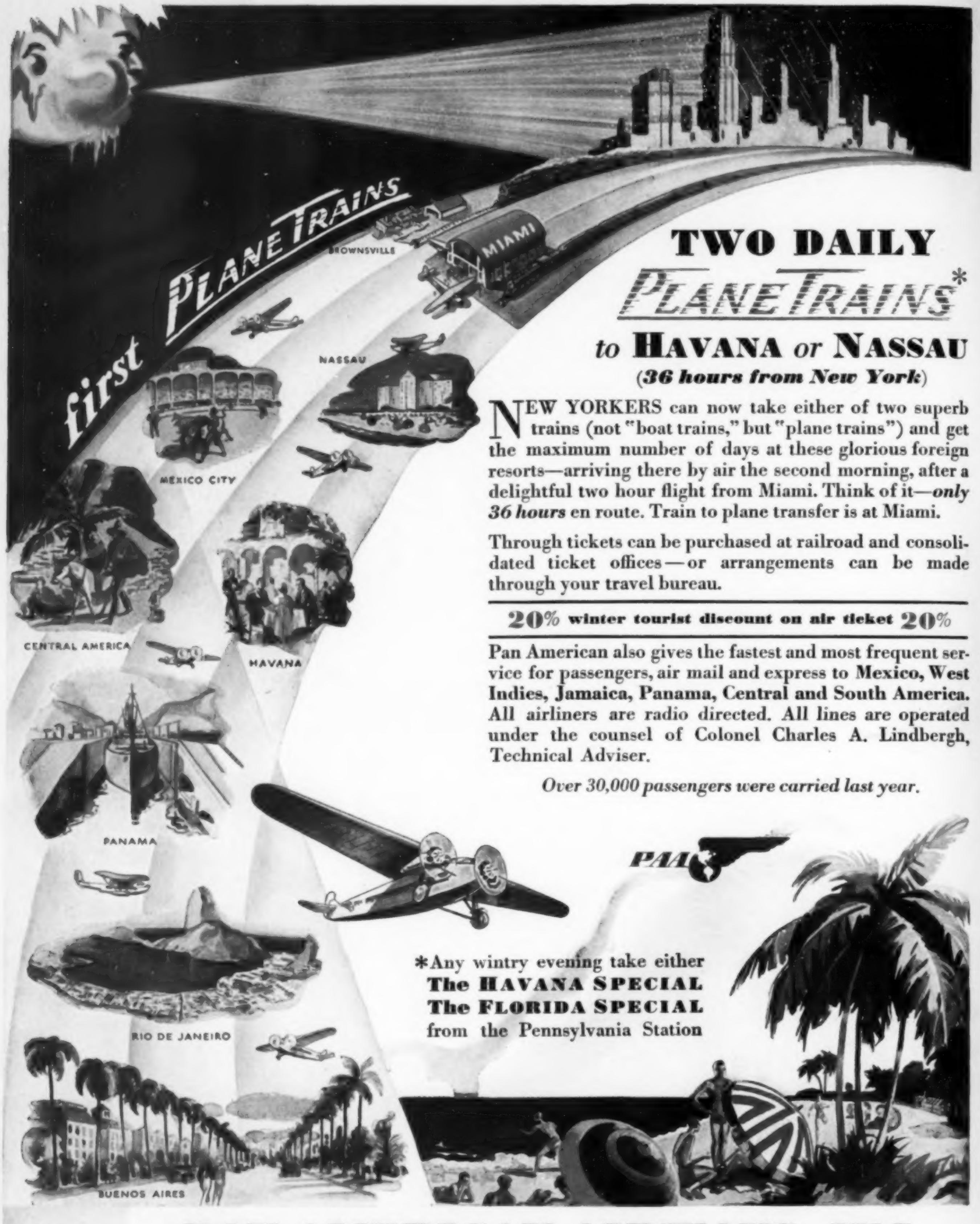
Dec. 27

# THE NEW YORKER



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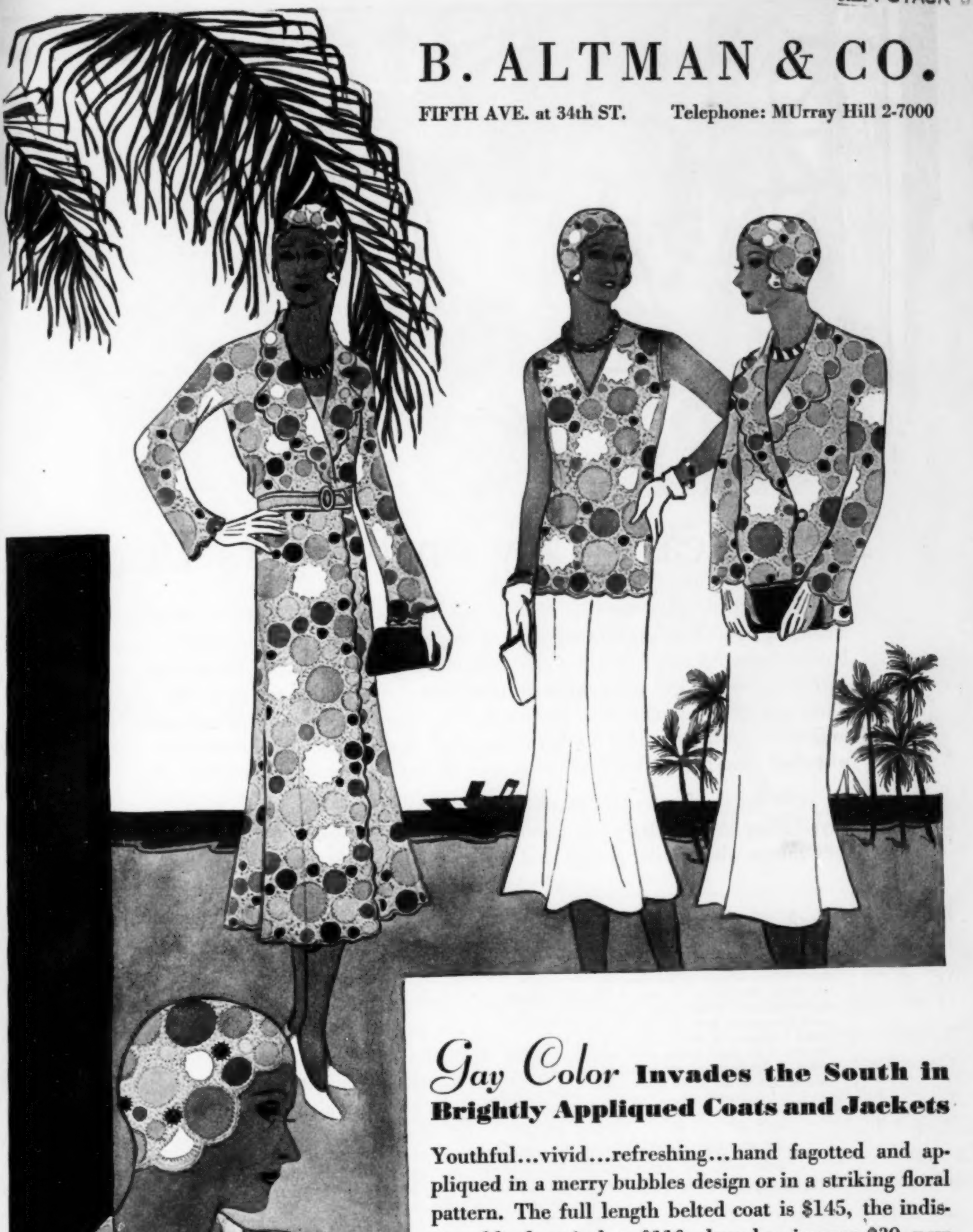

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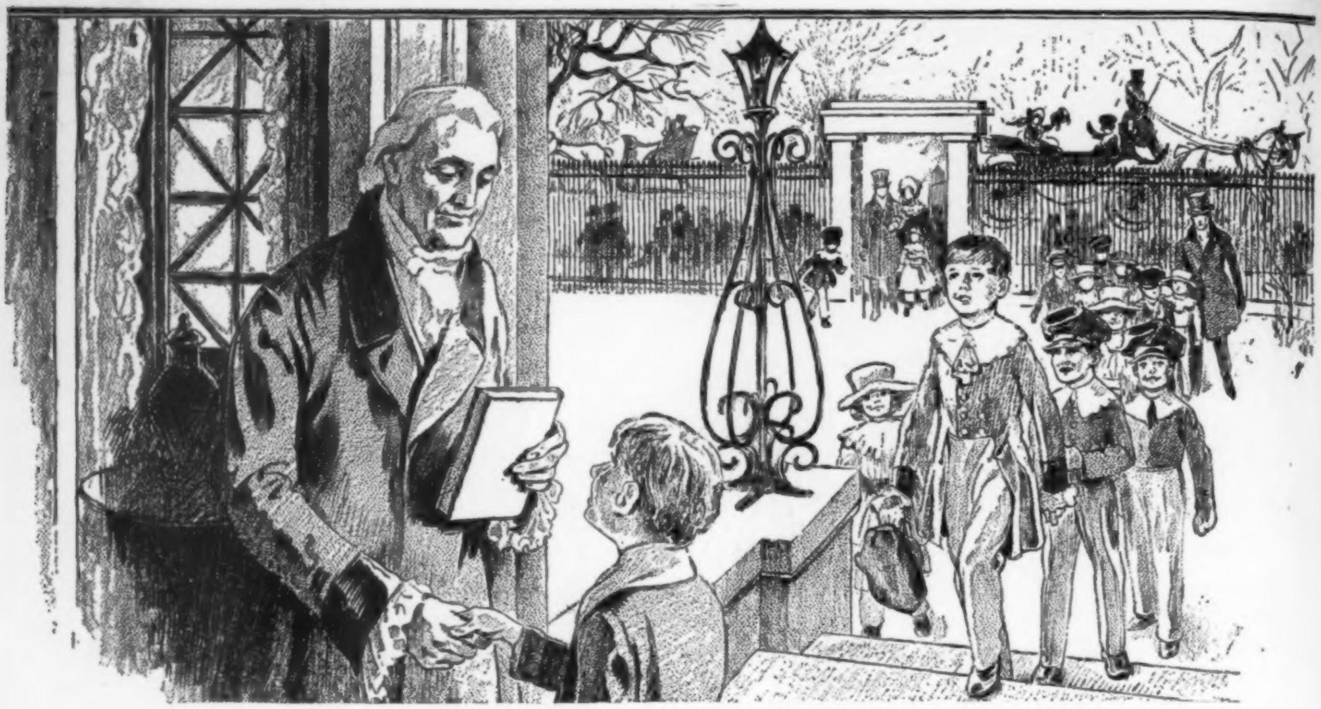

# New Year's Day on Rutgers Place

It is a little after noon on New Year's Day in the New York of more than a century ago. The sabbath stillness of the morning gives way gradually to the holiday mood. From handsome carriages, moving hither and thither through the narrow streets, ladies and gentlemen throw out their greeting and their challenge. They are all vying with one another—or so it seems to the visiting stranger unfamiliar with the old Dutch custom that so delighted Washington—to see who shall crowd into New Year's afternoon the most unreasonable number of calls.

Among the foot callers on the sidewalks may be seen a group of trim young boys. They move quietly but excitedly along Henry Street. At Rutgers Street they merge with similar groups and go up together to the mansion house on what is soon to become officially known as Rutgers Place in further honor of the kindly old gentleman who greets them at the door.

They are making their annual call on Colonel Henry Rutgers. To each youth who came to see him on this day Colonel Rutgers gave a book—an appropriate gift from one whose educational philanthropies are recalled today by the college which bears his name.

Henry Rutgers

Facsimile reproduction of the signature of Henry Rutgers as it appears in the "Founders' Book" (the original stock subscription book of The Manhattan Company) of April, 1799. He was one of the many leaders of his day whose descendants we are proud to number among the valued patrons of this institution.

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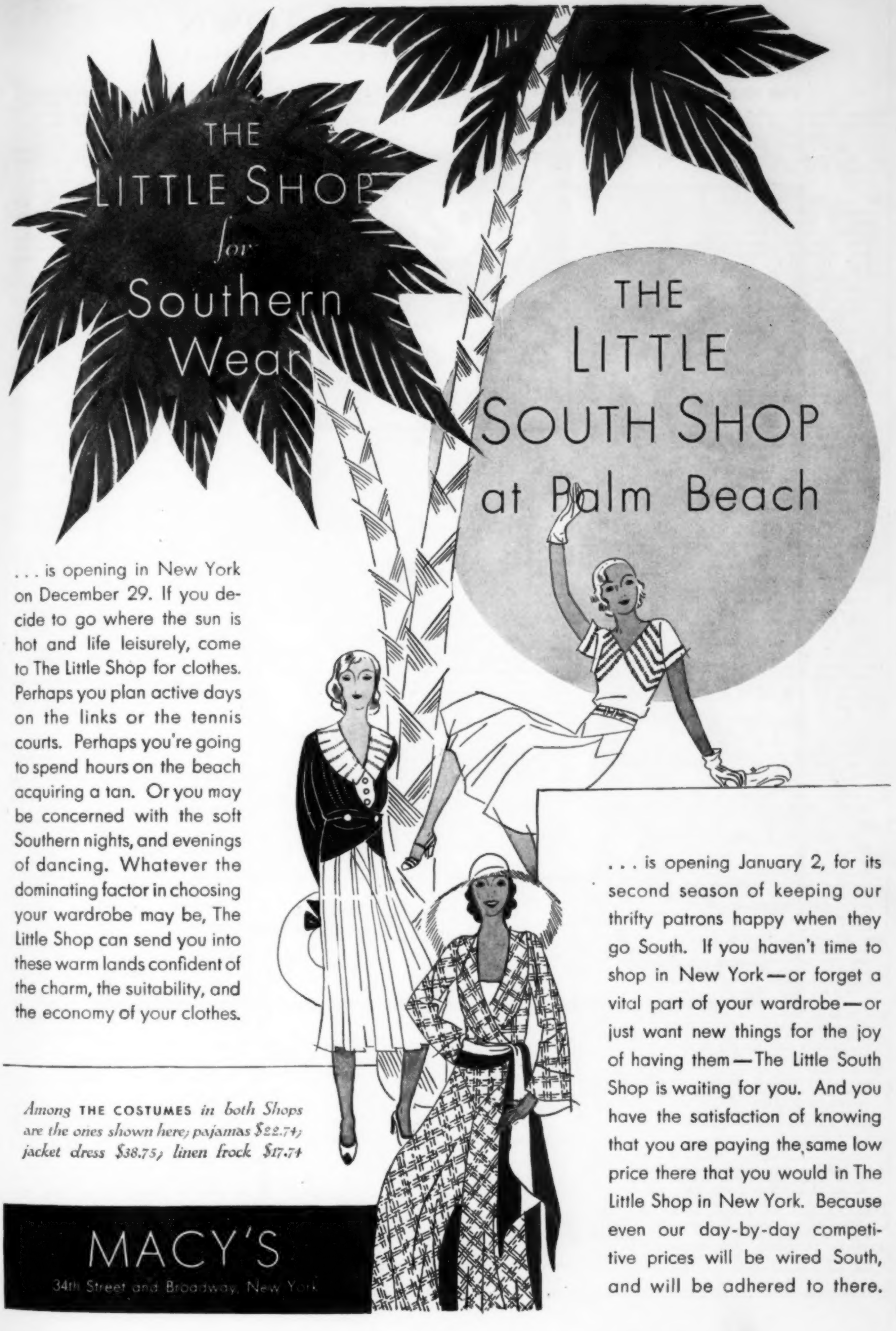
The New Yorker, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp. 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 45, December 27, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.



# THE LITTLE SHOP *for* Southern Wear

. . . is opening in New York on December 29. If you decide to go where the sun is hot and life leisurely, come to The Little Shop for clothes. Perhaps you plan active days on the links or the tennis courts. Perhaps you're going to spend hours on the beach acquiring a tan. Or you may be concerned with the soft Southern nights, and evenings of dancing. Whatever the dominating factor in choosing your wardrobe may be, The Little Shop can send you into these warm lands confident of the charm, the suitability, and the economy of your clothes.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 3]

### *THE THEATRE*

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions under "PLAYS;" and at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC." Matinées Saturdays and on other days as listed below. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

#### *PLAYS*

Art and Mrs. Bottle—Jane Cowl in a nicely amusing comedy about a mother who returns after a twenty-year sabbatical to find her children suffering from Art and Love. She sets them right. Performances Wed. through Sat., Dec. 31-Jan. 3 (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. Mat. Wed., Dec. 31.)

Civic Repertory Theatre—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Hedda Gabler," Ibsen revival. (Fri. Eve., Dec. 26.) . . . "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Le Gallienne as Juliet. (Sat. Mat., Dec. 27; Sat. Eve., Jan. 3.) . . . "Siegfried," from the French of Jean Giraudoux, and worth seeing. (Sat. Eve., Dec. 27.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Mon. Eve., Dec. 29; Thurs. and Sat. Mats., Jan. 1 and 3.) . . . "The Good Hope," Dutch tragedy of the sea. (Tues. Eve., Dec. 30.) . . . "A Sunny Morning" and "The Women Have Their Way." (Wed. Eve., Dec. 31.) . . . "Alison's House," the new Susan Glaspell play. (Thurs. Eve., Jan. 1.) . . . "The Three Sisters," Chekhov's play, well presented. (Fri. Eve., Jan. 2.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

Elizabeth, the Queen—A colorful and well-written play by Maxwell Anderson about that old pair of cronies, Elizabeth and Essex. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt do the right thing by them. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26. Moves to Martin Beck, 45, W. Mon., Dec. 29. Mat. New Year's Day.)

First Night—A murder mystery acted out on what is supposed to be the stage at Sing Sing, with interested parties in the audience. (Eltinge, 42, W. Mat. New Year's Day.)

Grand Hotel—A house-detective's-eye view of a Berlin hotel, making the most consistently interesting show in town, and skillfully done by a cast which includes Eugénie Leontovich, Henry Hull, Siegfried Rumann, Hortense Alden, and Sam Jaffe. (National, 41, W. 8:30 P.M. Daily Mats. Fri., Dec. 26 through Sat., Jan. 3. Special benefit performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 28.)

The Greeks Had a Word for It—You will get some laughs out of three kept ladies getting fried—if you don't mind laughing at that. (Harris, 42, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Fri. and Wed., Dec. 26 and 31.)

The Green Pastures—Easily the most unusual and satisfying of last season's plays. An all-Negro cast in a naive account of the Old Testament. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Fri., Tues., and Wed., Dec. 26, 30, and 31, and Fri., Jan. 2.)

Lysistrata—A fine production of Aristophanes' comedy of sex life among the Greeks, which ought to amuse everyone who believes in laughing out loud instead of leering. The cast includes Fay Bainter, Blanche Yurka, and Ernest Truex. (44th Street, 44, W. Mats. Fri. and Wed., Dec. 26 and 31.)

The Man in Possession—Isabel Jeans and Leslie Banks in an English comedy which is light enough to have no pretensions and deals with an officer of the law who gets to like his job so well that he lives with it. (Booth, 45, W. Mats. Fri. and Wed., Dec. 26 and 31, and New Year's Day.)

Mrs. Moonlight—What happens when you don't show your age. Edith Barrett as the young woman who grew old without anybody's knowing it. Sir Guy Standing and Haidee Wright are of considerable value. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:50 P.M. Daily Mats. Fri., Dec. 26 through Sat., Jan. 3, 2:40 P.M.)

Oh, Promise Me!—The inside dope on this breach-of-promise business, told in a rowdy but funny farce. With Lee Tracy, Mary Philips, and Donald Meek. (Morosco, 45, W. Mats. Fri., Dec. 26, New Year's Day, and Fri., Jan. 2.)

On the Spot—Chicago gangsters put on the spot and kidded to death by Edgar Wallace, in a melodrama which would be all right even if it weren't funny. Crane Wilbur and Anna May Wong are in it. (Forrest, 49, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Fri. and Wed., Dec. 26 and 31, and New Year's Day.)

Once in a Lifetime—Hollywood put over the coals in such a hilarious fashion that the city's walls ought to come tumbling down. (Music Box, 45, W. Mats. Fri., Tues., and Wed., Dec. 26, 30, and 31, and New Year's Day.)

Overture—A few of the problems of postwar Germany made into a drama which is thrilling, without being exciting. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Wed., Dec. 31.)

Petticoat Influence—Helen Hayes and an excellent supporting cast, including Henry Stephenson and Reginald Owen, in a light piece about how a young wife got her husband an appointment by charm and blackmail. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Wed., Dec. 31.)

Roar China!—The Theatre Guild showing in spectacular fashion, with a real battleship and everything, just how downtrodden the Chinese can really be. Last two days. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26, 2:50 P.M. Closes Sat., Dec. 27.)

Shakespearean Repertoire—Fritz Leiber and his company from Chicago—"Hamlet," Fri. and Thurs. Eves., Dec. 26 and Jan. 1; "The Merchant of Venice," Sat. Mat., Dec. 27; "King Lear," Sat. and Wed. Eves., Dec. 27 and 31; "Julius Caesar," Mon. Eve., Dec. 29 and Sat. Mat., Jan. 3; "Macbeth," Tues. and Fri. Eves., Dec. 30 and Jan. 2; "As You Like It," Wed. Mat., Dec. 31; "Richard III," Sat. Eve., Jan. 3. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Strictly Dishonorable—Real light comedy and worth seeing. Last week of a long, successful run. (Avon, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Fri. and Wed., Dec. 26 and 31, and New Year's Day. Closes Sat., Jan. 3.)

That's Gratitude—Another Frank Craven comedy, as agreeable as they always are, only with not quite enough Frank Craven this time. He is a theatrical producer who makes a long visit during the dull season, but pays for it in the end. (Golden, 58, E. Mat. Wed., Dec. 31.)

This is New York—The metropolis of the Western Hemisphere shown in various lights, among them that of a Senator from Dakota and a kept young lady. With Lois Moran and Geoffrey Kerr. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mats. Fridays, Dec. 26 and Jan. 2.)

Tonight or Never—The story of an opera singer who this time really can sing—and does. Miss Helen Gahagan goes through a fate worse than death for her Art. (Belasco, 44, E. Mats. Fri., Dec. 26 and New Year's Day, 2:40 P.M.)

Twelfth Night—Jane Cowl giving Shakespeare a fine break. Performances Fri. through Tues., Dec. 26-30. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)

Up Pops the Devil—Some very funny lines incident to telling a fairly old story of married life in Greenwich Village. (Masque, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Fri. and Wed., Dec. 26 and 31, and New Year's Day.)

The Vinegar Tree—Mary Boland at her best in a hilariously funny comedy about a woman who tried to recapture what she remembered, rather sketchily, as being an old love. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Fri., Tues., and Wed., Dec. 26, 30, and 31, and Fri., Jan. 2.)

#### *WITH MUSIC*

Babes in Toyland—Revival of the Victor Herbert operetta. (Imperial, 45, W. Daily Mats. Fri., Dec. 26 through Sat., Jan. 3.)

Brown Buddies—The funniest of the Negro shows, if not the most elaborate. With Bill Robinson and Adelaide Hall. (Liberty, 42, W. Mat. New Year's Day.)

Earl Carroll Vanities—Very dirty, but often very funny thanks to Jimmie Savo, Jack Benny, Herb Williams, and Patsy Kelly. The girls seem to be exceptionally good-looking. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. Mats. Fri. and Wed., Dec. 26 and 31.)

Fine and Dandy—Joe Cook in a show which fits him. And maybe that isn't high praise. (Erlanger, 44, W. Mat. Fri., Dec. 26 and New Year's Day.)

Flying High—Bert Lahr making a good show into a grand one. Last week of one of last season's big hits. (Apollo, 42, W. Mat. New Year's Day. Closes Sat., Jan. 3.)

Girl Crazy—Something smart in musical comedy. Willie Howard, Ginger Rogers, Ethel Merman, and Gershwin music. (Alvin, 52, W. Mats. Fri., Dec. 26, and New Year's Day and Fri., Jan. 1 and 2.)

The New Yorkers—A lot of entertainment of one kind and another, at its best very good, at its worst not much of anything. Cole Porter music, with Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, Frances Williams, Charles King, Hope Williams, Ann Pennington, and others. (Broadway, B'way at 53. Mat. New Year's Day.)

Nina Rosa—A good, solid, technically perfect musical comedy which marches along at a splendid pace. With Guy Robertson, Ethelind Terry, Leonard Ceeley, and Armida. (Majestic, 44, W. Mats. Fri. and Wed., Dec. 26 and 31, and New Year's Day.)

Smiles—One of Mr. Ziegfeld's less successful attempts to startle New York, but containing, nevertheless, the Astaires and Marilyn Miller, which means something. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. New Year's Day.)

Sweet and Low—What with considerable cleaning-up activity this revue is now pretty funny without any more offence than seems to be necessary nowadays. With Fannie Brice, James Barton, and George Jessel. (46th Street, 46, W. Mat. New Year's Day.)

Three's a Crowd—Clifton Webb, Fred Allen, and Libby Holman in the best revue in town. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. New Year's Day.)

•

Ruth Draper—A one-woman show of extraordinary character sketches. For four weeks starting Fri., Dec. 26. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve. except Mon., 8:50 P.M. Mats. Sats. and New Year's Day, 2:30 P.M.)

Vaudeville—Rosita and Ramon, Joe Frisco, Nan Halperin, and Tom Patricola will be at the Palace Fri., Dec. 26. Eddie Cantor will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Dec. 27. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

#### *OPENINGS OF NOTE*

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

Elektra—Mme. Marika Cotopouli and her company present Sophocles' play, in Greek. Opens Fri., Dec. 26. Subsequent performances Sat., Tues., Wed., and Thurs. Eves., Dec. 27, 30, 31, and Jan. 1, and Fri. Aft., Jan. 2. (New Yorker, 54, W. 8:30 P.M.)

Five Star Final—Arthur Byron in a play by Louis Weitzenkorn. Opens Fri., Dec. 26. (Cort, 48, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and New Year's Day.)

The Life Line—Leo Bulgakov's production of a play by Gretchen Damrosch Finletter. Opens Sat., Dec. 27. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

The Truth Game—Billie Burke and Ivor Novello

(Continued on page 6)

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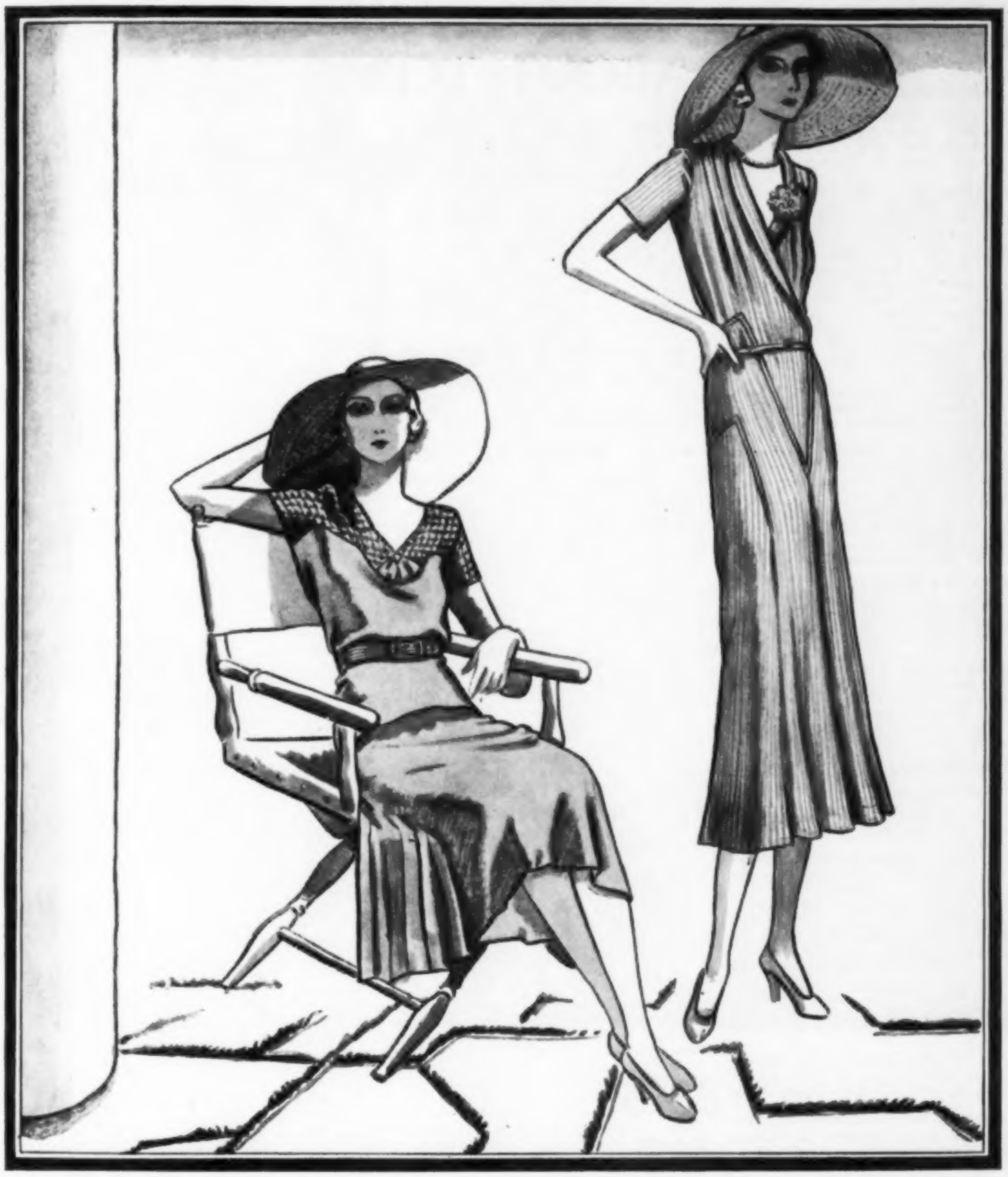

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FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, JANUARY 3]

(Continued from page 4)

in a comedy by Mr. Novello, with Viola Tree and Phoebe Foster. Opens Sat., Dec. 27. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. 8:45 P.M.)

Midnight—Theatre Guild production of a play by Claire and Paul Sifton, with Linda Watkins and Glenn Anders. Opens Mon., Dec. 29. (Guild, 52, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. New Year's Day.)

The following productions opened too late for review in this issue:

Ballyhoo—W. C. Fields in a new musical show. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53. 8:30 P.M. Mat. New Year's Day.)

The Inspector General—Jed Harris' production of a new version of Gogol's farce by John Anderson, with Dorothy Gish and Claude Cooper. (Hudson, 44, E. 8:40 P.M.)

Purity—A play adapted from the French of René Wachthausen, with Florence Reed and Richard Bird. (Ritz, 48, W. 8:40 P.M.)

### *FOR CHILDREN*

Charlotte Lund Opera Company—"The Golden Cock," Fri. Morn., Dec. 26.; "Haensel and Gretel," Mon. Morn., Dec. 29.; "Tales of Hoffman," Tues. Morn., Dec. 30. (Town Hall, 43, E. 11 A.M.)

The Children's Players—"The Princess Who Wouldn't Say Die," Fri. Morn. and Aft., Dec. 26; "The Forest Ring," Mon. Morn. and Aft., Dec. 29; A. A. Milne's "Make Believe," Tues. and Thurs. Morns. and Afts., Dec. 30 and Jan. 1. (Princess, 39, E. 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.)

Heckscher Theatre—The Juvenile Players in "Mr. Scrooge," Sat. and Tues. Afts., Dec. 27 and 30; "The Wizard of Oz," Sat. Aft., Jan. 3. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104. 2:30 P.M.)

Neighborhood Playhouse Junior Players—"Fêtes in France," Mon. Aft., Dec. 29, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

The Puppet Players—"Rumpelstiltskin" and "Variety," Fri. Aft., Dec. 26 through Sat. Aft., Jan. 3. (Union Puppet Theatre, 233 W. 48. 3 P.M.)

Sue Hastings' Marionettes—"Winnie-the-Pooh," Fri. Aft., Dec. 26, at 3; "Haensel and Gretel," Sat. Morn., Dec. 27, at 11; "Sinbad the Sailor," Mon. Aft., Dec. 29, at 3; "Peter Rabbit," Tues. Aft., Dec. 30, at 3. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

Note—The Plaza Theatre, 58, E. of Madison, will show movies suitable for children every morning at 10:30, Fri., Dec. 26 through Sat., Jan. 3.

### *DANCE RECITALS*

La Argentina—Farewell recitals by the remarkable Spanish dancer: Tues. Eve., Dec. 30, at 8:30 and Wed. Eve., Dec. 31, at 9. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

Mary Wigman—First American appearances of one of the best-known exponents of modern dancing in Germany: Sun. Eve., Dec. 28, at 8:45, and Fri. Aft., Jan. 2, at 2:30. Special performance, benefit for the Walden School, Tues. Aft., Dec. 30, at 2:30. (46th Street, 46, W.)

## *AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT*

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000)—Supper dancing in a pleasant Park Avenue atmosphere.*

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Crooning by Ethel Merman and dancing by the DeMarcos. Leo Reisman's orchestra.*

Club Delmonico, Hotel Delmonico, Park at 59 (Volunteer 5-2500)—Something new in supper clubs; a small, attractive room, with music by Jack Pettis' orchestra, songs by Morton Downey, and dances by Barbara Bennett and Charles Sabin. Must dress.

Club El Patio, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-4863)—Where you will find Emil Coleman's orchestra, Rosita and Ramon, and Frances Maddux. Must dress.

Club Lido, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 5-2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Moss and Fontana, and Dwight Fiske. Must dress.

Club Montmartre, 205 W. 50 (Circle 7-6673)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and dances by Graham and Bernhardt. Must dress.

Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 7-3203)—Ted Lewis and his band are the main attraction.*

Grill Neptune, Hotel Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—An unusual room for the more fastidious. Dances by Medrano and Donna. Must dress.

Seaglade, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—A favorite place for supper dancing. Vincent Lopez music. Must dress.

Villa Vallée, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 5-0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's music.*

Broadway Atmosphere—Some of the more interesting night clubs of this type are: Club Argonaut, 151 W. 54, open till dawn, with the indefatigable Texas Guinan and her gang. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, another late rendezvous, with Mme. Florence and Elizabeth Welch. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Joe Lewis presiding. . . . Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and frequented by those who hate to go to bed before sunrise. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, no cover charge, with a rough and elaborate revue.

Greenwich Village—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 7-8191), is agreeably informal, with lots of your friends having fun. . . . With that certain touch, and not very expensive: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker. . . . For Spanish atmosphere: El Chico, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq.

Russian Motif—Club Sadko, 100 W. 57; and The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12.

Notes—Guy Lombardo and his orchestra play in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45.* . . . Horace Heidt and his Californians play in the Terrace Restaurant of the Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . There is supper dancing every Saturday in the Persian Garden of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46. Must dress.

## *MOTION PICTURES*

All Quiet on the Western Front—Life in the trenches shown in fearless, thorough, and terrifying scenes. Return engagement at popular prices. (Central, B'way at 47; performances continuous from noon.)

The Blue Angel—The dialogue is terrible but Emil Jannings is splendid, in the story of a schoolmaster's *mésalliance*. With Marlene Dietrich. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

Feet First—Harold Lloyd and his skyscrapers again. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 27-29; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Hell's Angels—The best of the aviation pictures, in spite of a very poor story. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; closes Sun., Dec. 28.)

Old English—From Galsworthy's play, with George Arliss again as the quick-witted octogenarian. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Jan. 1 and 2; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Sous les Toits de Paris—A picture in French, with pleasant tunes and a natural, rather touching story. (Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Zwei Herzen im 3-4 Takt—A Viennese operetta, choice and pretty and nice, in German. (55th Street, 55, E. of 7 Ave.; performances continuous from noon.)

News Reel Theatre—A potpourri of current events. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "The Big House," some effective inside pictures of prison life; "Laughter," the rich and their troubles, with lively dialogue and Nancy Carroll; "Min and Bill," Marie Dressler running a waterfront lodging house and getting into serious trouble; "Morocco," Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich in the best story of the Foreign Legion so far; "Outward Bound," from the play of life after death, beautifully acted and photographed; "Tom Sawyer," with Jackie Coogan, perhaps not the best movie of the book that could be made but a joy for the young people.

## *ART*

Americans—A good show of contemporary painters and sculptors, some old standbys and some not so well known: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Arno—Original drawings by Peter Arno: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Wed., Dec. 31.

Eakins—Paintings by one of the pioneer American artists: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Hartley—An American who hits and misses, but is usually good: An American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 5 P.M.

Hugo—Victor Hugo's great-grandson, showing a fine, sensitive mind. Excellent color: Demotte, 25 E. 78. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Metal and Cotton—A travelling exhibition of decorative metalwork and cotton textiles stops until Dec. 28 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art: Gallery D-6. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Moderns—New acquisitions to a fine collection of American and French: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

## *MUSIC*

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

### *RECITALS*

Bruce Simonds—Sensitive and skillful pianism: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Dec. 28.

Roland Hayes—Everything, from classics to spirituals: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Dec. 28.

Victor Chenkin—One of the most entertaining singing performers now operating: Guild Theatre, Sun. Eve., Dec. 28.

Joseph Szigeti—Usual and unusual music by one of the most enterprising violinists: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Dec. 29.

Plaza Artistic Morning—Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Frank Chapman, baritone; and Ethel Barrymore: Hotel Plaza, Tues. Morn., Dec. 30, at 11:30.

Yehudi Menuhin—The boy grew older and still fiddled well: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Jan. 2.

Mischa Elman—First appearance this season of the original Mischa: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Jan. 3.

Isabelle Yalkovsky—A former Schubert Memorial prizewinner in solo piano recital: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Jan. 3.

### *ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES*

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Dec. 26, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Dec. 28, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Jan. 1, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Jan. 2, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Jan. 3, at 8:45. . . . Young People's Concert, Schelling conducting, with Paderewski as soloist: Carnegie Hall, Mon. Aft., Dec. 29, at 2:30.

Oratorio Society—"The Messiah." Stoessel conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Dec. 26.

### *OPERA*

Metropolitan—"Haensel and Gretel" and "Pagliacci," Fri. Aft., Dec. 26, at 2; "The Flying Dutchman," Fri. Eve., Dec. 26, at 8; "Don Giovanni," Sat. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2; "Tosca," Sat. Eve., Dec. 27, at 8:15; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Dec. 28, at 8:30. (Schedule for other dates to be announced.)

## *ON THE AIR*

Walter Damrosch—Conducting symphony orchestra, in General Electric Hour: Sat. Eves., Dec. 27 and Jan. 3, at 9, over WEAF.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Dec. 28, at 3, over WABC.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink—Contralto soloist: Sun. Eve., Dec. 28, at 8, over WJZ.

Lawrence Tibbett—Baritone soloist, in Atwater Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., Dec. 28, at 9:15, over WEAF.

Rochester Civic Orchestra—Harrison conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., Dec. 29, at 10, over WJZ.

Philco Symphony Orchestra—Barlow conducting: Tues. Eve., Dec. 30, at 9:30, over WABC.

## *SPORTS*

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Midget Wolgast vs. Frankie Genaro, Fri. Eve., Dec. 26; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

College Hockey—At Madison Square Garden, 8:30 P.M.: Harvard vs. Toronto University, Sat. Eve., Dec. 27; Dartmouth vs. Princeton, Wed. Eve., Dec. 31; Yale vs. Toronto University, Sat. Eve., Jan. 3.

Professional Hockey—At Madison Square Garden, 8:30 P.M.: Rangers vs. Philadelphia, Sun. Eve., Dec. 28; Americans vs. Rangers, Tues. Eve., Dec. 30; Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs. Eve., Jan. 1.

Indoor Polo—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, 8:30 P.M.: Squadron A vs. Governors Island, Sat. Eve., Dec. 27; Squadron A vs. The Riding Club, Sat. Eve., Jan. 3. . . . At Squadron C Armory, Nostrand Ave. at Dean St., Brooklyn, 8:30 P.M.: The Riding Club vs. Fort Hamilton, Sat. Eve., Dec. 27; Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club vs. Governors Island, Sat. Eve., Jan. 3.

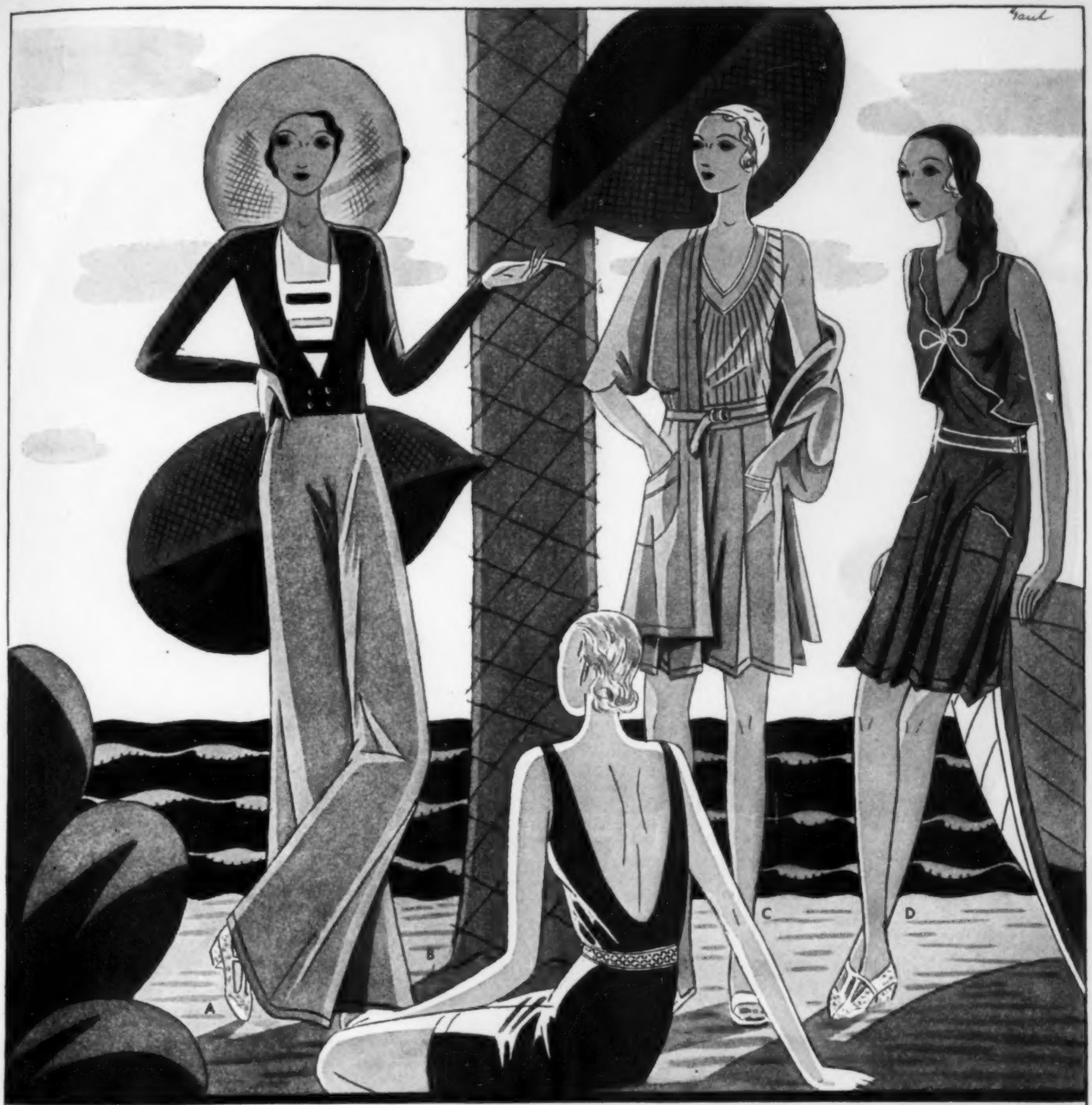
## *OTHER EVENTS*

Automobile Show—The big annual show opens at Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Sat. Aft., Jan. 3, at 2.

Circus—Davenport's European Circus, with the Riding Davenports, clowns, acrobats, animals, etc.: Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. Performances daily at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., through Sat., Jan. 3; extra performance New Year's Eve., Dec. 31, at midnight.

Lecture—Rear Admiral Byrd will talk and show pictures of his South Pole expedition: Town Hall, 43, E. of B'way, Fri., Jan. 2, at 11 A.M. and 2:30 P.M.

Public Ball—Playboy's annual Cubist Costume Carnival: Webster Hall, 119 E. 11, New Year's Eve., Dec. 31, at 10.



**BONWIT TELLER**

**FIFTH AVENUE
AT 56th STREET**

NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA PARIS LONDON
PALM BEACH MIAMI BEACH

## JERSEY...

### For Those Who Take To Southern Waters!

A...This slim and swagger maiden wears a three-piece jersey beach costume...brief little "waiter's" jacket, slip-over sleeveless jumper and wide trousers. Stunning color combinations . 35.00. Large straw beach hat . 5.95

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SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

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PALM BEACH

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The Casual Aristocracy
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The languid, easy living . . . The fashions of generations . . . and the newness, the impudence of new year's chic . . . Casino pyjamas, in which one dances, cut like dinner dresses . . . The bright, scrubbed look of the new cottons . . . the slim, hard-limbed air of swimming suits . . . These are the new generation of aristocratic fashions . . . among, as always, the collections of Saks-Fifth Avenue.

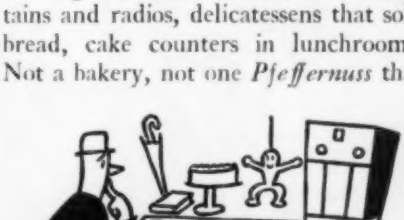
THE
NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

*Notes and Comment*

AVIATORS flew low over Southern California, sprinkling artificial snow, and Christmas came to Hollywood. The false flakes, trickling gently down, took the thoughts of the unregenerate settlers back to the New England winter of their yesteryear. What a picture—the warm snow, durable in the Christmas sun, the warm gaze and frozen hearts of the expatriates, looking homeward. There must have been a faction in the city government opposed to snow: there must have been a reactionary sunshine group. Even up to the last minute there must have been a movement afoot to spike the plans for a snowfall, by substituting rose petals.

SADDENED, we have just returned from a sentimental journey. The holidays set our heart, and our little nieces' and nephews' hearts, on *Pfefferkuchen.* Not just any old *Pfefferkuchen,* but the kind one used to buy at a little German bakery from a kindly plump woman in a big white apron. Of course, one might phone Charles or some place and get a beautiful box of them done up in ribbons, but we wanted the tradition and the beaming German blue eye, so off we went to Yorkville, full of hope. Once, we recalled, both sides of Third Avenue teemed with small German bakeries in which the rites of spice cake and gingerbread began in mid-October. Now, in the whole journey from Fifty-seventh to Eighty-sixth, we came across nothing but bakeries with soda fountains and radios, delicatessens that sold bread, cake counters in lunchrooms. Not a bakery, not one *Pfeffernuss* that hadn't come from a factory, not even a beam except from a pitying eye. A man in a cider *Stube* said they used to make *Pfeffernüsse* in a place he knew of in Manhattanville but it had gone out of business—the implication being that it *would* go out of business. The best we got out of our expedition was a furniture-store window full of old-fashioned hassocks at ninety-nine cents.

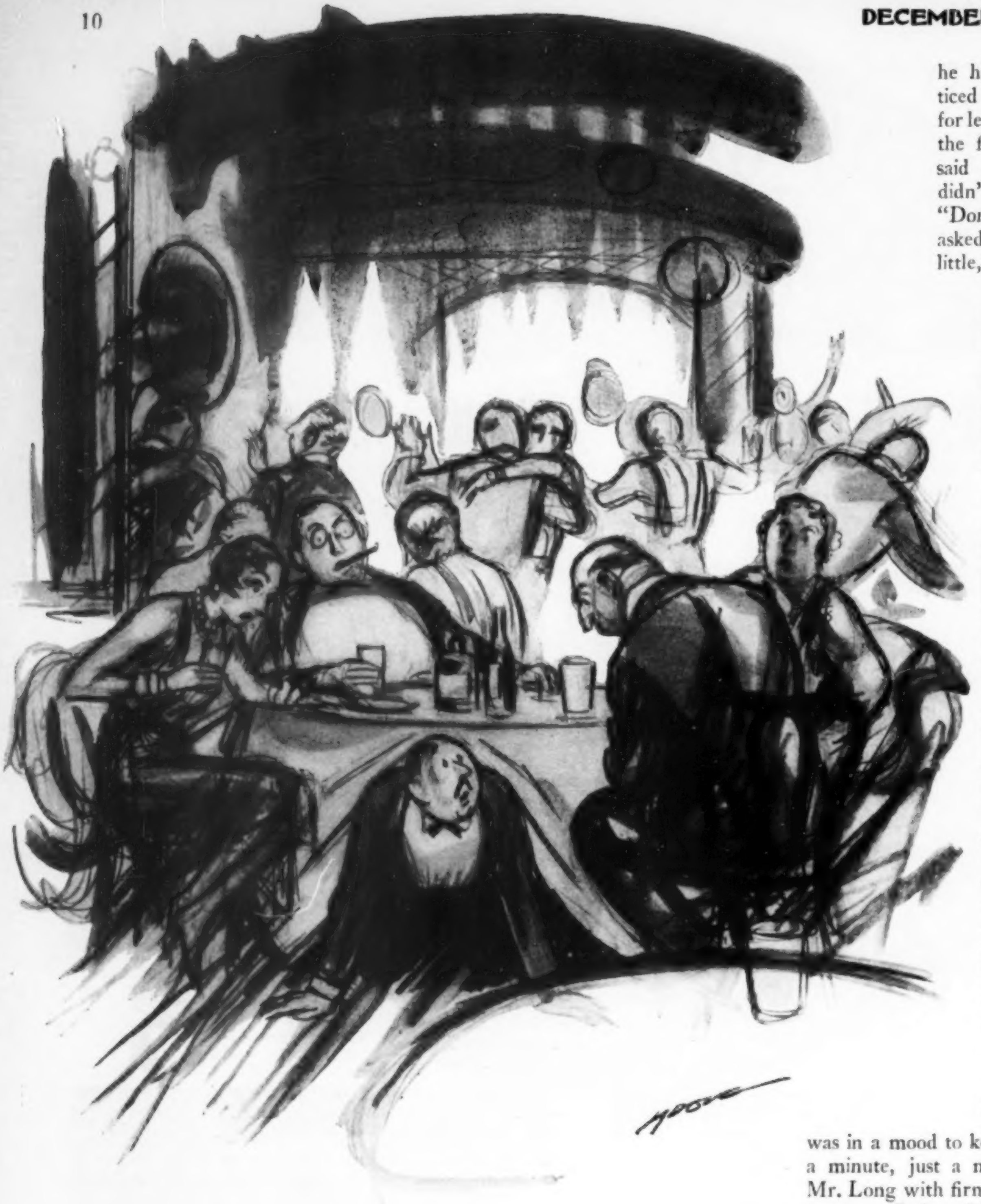


OUR favorite employee is the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, who works for Bergdorf Goodman. Last week she gave a lunch for her employer, to celebrate a year's connection with the firm, on a salary. This turns everything topsy-turvy and gets us mixed up. The first thing you know the policemen who watch the Bergdorf Goodman picketers will be giving *them* a lunch, the Duchess (who also writes) will be autographing fur coats, and Mr. Goodman will be selling apples.

AS we passed Broadway and Forty-third Street of an evening this holiday week and looked at the gay tree, and listened to its triple-loud loudspeaker, we could not help wondering just how much of a raucous hullabaloo is necessary to announce peace on earth in Times Square.

THE high fever of New York's noontime is not entirely a matter of the blood, we realize. It is partly a matter of restaurant economics. Even though a New Yorker finds it difficult temperamentally to linger, like a Frenchman, over his luncheon table, in many restaurants he also finds it impossible physically. We lunched at a familiar place the other noon and were not in the slightest hurry. Indeed, we felt almost calm. The waitress, for a few moments, seemed to catch our serenity, for she failed to show us much attention. The hostess observed this, and pretty soon she was raising the roof in her attempt to get some food pushed into our complacent maw. Turnover is the thing. We quickly fell in line, gulped down a bite of something, and got out—making room for the next American.

WE have just received an announcement of the Associated Writers, a group of people who will write anything you want written. They are just like a business house—they even have salesmen out on the road selling the unfinished product. It occurs to us that this may prove a solution to our own problems: Heaven knows there are lots of things we want written, if we could just come to terms with some-



*"Excuse me. Did you see our bottle over this way?"*

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body. Our real reason for bringing the matter up, however, is that it reminds us of a story (the bitterest, funniest story we ever read) called "Writer's Cramp," which appeared in the *Mercury* last summer. This story described the fate of a man who wrote articles on any subject you might name, and who finally went a little bit nuts—couldn't look at a horse, or a potato, or a homing pigeon, or any other object, because everything he looked at reminded him of something he had written. So he withdrew to the seclusion of a lighthouse and took pot shots out the window at sea gulls. We just mention it.

## *Emissary*

OUR fellow-journalist, Mr. Ray Long, just back from Europe, reports that in Berlin he met Remarque, the "All Quiet" author, and that he is unspoiled and dashing. Mr. Long asked him (in his German) how it came that he had never been enticed to the United States for lectures or, especially, the films. The author said it was because he didn't know English. "Don't you know *any*?" asked Mr. Long. "A little," said the author, and then in English: "How do you do? I love you. Forgive me. Forget me. Ham and eggs, please." Mr. Long assured him that with such a vocabulary he could tour the country, that the third and fourth phrases were really superfluous. So Remarque will be over here sometime in the spring.

From another source we also have an item on Mr. Long, himself. When in Paris Mr. Long stays at the Crillon. Paying off his cab after arriving there one evening in company with an American friend, a Mr. Gordon, he counted his francs with customary American slowness. "Come on, come on!" said Mr. Gordon, who was in a mood to keep moving. "Just a minute, just a minute now!" said Mr. Long with firmness, "I'm not going to spoil these fellows." Mr. Gordon got sarcastic at this. "Two thousand years," he said, "two thousand years this city has been going on—and now you come over here and are not going to spoil it."

## *Winesaps, Spitzenburgs*

WE went to a crowded little office in an old building in Franklin Street to see the man who started the apple business: Mr. Joseph Sicker, of the International Apple Association. Thinking up ideas to boost the apple is his career. The apple association gives a silver cup annually to the person who has done the most for the promotion of apples during the year. Mr. Sicker has won eight of the cups.

The most conspicuous thing in Mr. Sicker's office is a painting of Queen Marie holding a yellow apple as big as a grapefruit. The painting almost covers one wall. Mr. Sicker says the apple people brought her over here really. We're not quite clear on how they did it. We were shown a scrapbook of clippings of newspaper stories about apples. It contained pictures of prominent people holding or eating apples: Tom Heeley, Mayor Walker, Marilyn Miller, Mrs. Ira Nelson Morris, Senator Wadsworth. Clippings about Mr. Sicker's present apple venture have come in from Liverpool and Australia, from Kansas and Nebraska. It's a national movement, we learned. Apples are being sold by the jobless in all the big and medium-sized cities of the country now. It helps the apple business, of course. This will be the biggest apple year ever, probably, and but for Sicker's idea millions would have rotted unsold. The market was glutted. Boxes of Northwestern beauties now selling for two dollars would have sold for one or less. Half a million boxes of apples have been sold in Greater New York alone in the past eight weeks. Sicker will undoubtedly win the silver cup again.

As for the unemployed, the benefit to them seems tangible. Ten thousand men have subsisted on the profits of apple sales in New York, for instance. They make about two dollars a box, so their gross profit has been a million dollars, or an average of one hundred dollars each. That's twelve-fifty per week; which will do, apparently. As a matter of fact, more than half a million boxes have been sold, because some of the men buy their apples in the regular wholesale markets. Sicker had a rule of two boxes to a man per day but this was enforced vaguely. Some men were known to sell ten boxes, at a profit of twenty dollars. No check at all is kept, of course, in the regular markets.

The men get their apples in a chilly room at Desbrosses and Hudson Streets. We went there and saw a million boxed apples stacked on the concrete floor. It was noon and there wasn't much doing. Only a dozen vendors or so were around, back for a fresh supply. They get to their places of business by taxicab. The apple stunt has been an aid also to the owners of antiquated taxis who can't compete with the new luxurious ones. They take the apple men around for from fifteen to twenty-five cents each, several at a time. While we were there a cab started off with three merchants and nine crates of apples. Corners are not allotted by anyone in authority. This led to difficulties at first but now possession of locations is recognized generally.

Mr. Sicker settled the argument as to what varieties are sold. Jonathans and McIntoshes were at first, but their season passed and now it's Winesaps and Spitzenburgs.

### *Information*

THE *Times* naturally is highly efficient at giving out information. The other night a gentleman was awakened by the fire engines, whole squads of them apparently, roaring and screeching in his neighborhood. Full of excitement, he telephoned the *Times* and asked where the fire was. At once its exact location was given him. "Is it a big fire?" he asked. The *Times* hesitated and then asked "Where are you now—in bed?" The gentleman, a little surprised, said he was. "Well," said the *Times*, "I'd stay in bed, then. This fire certainly won't be worth getting up for."

### *Signs*

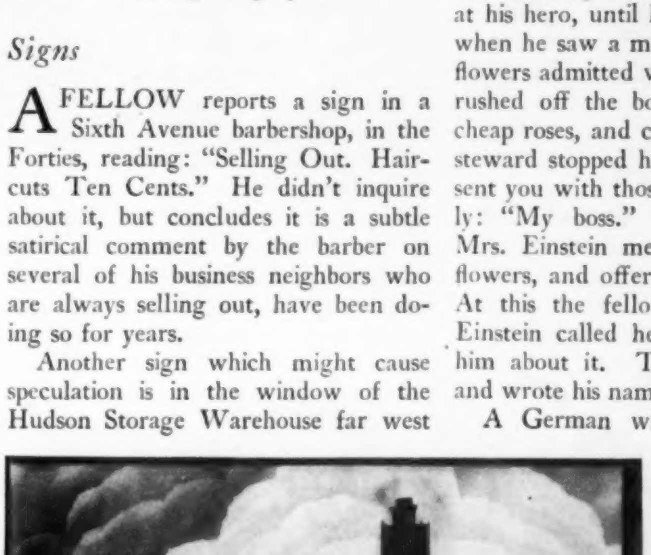
A FELLOW reports a sign in a Sixth Avenue barbershop, in the Forties, reading: "Selling Out. Haircuts Ten Cents." He didn't inquire about it, but concludes it is a subtle satirical comment by the barber on several of his business neighbors who are always selling out, have been doing so for years.

Another sign which might cause speculation is in the window of the Hudson Storage Warehouse far west in Forty-third Street. It reads: "Bargain Sale of Husbands." We can explain that. It doesn't mean anything. Mr. Flint, who runs the warehouse, found the sign in the effects of a theatrical troupe which stored its stage sets at his place and never came back for them. He stuck the sign up in his window, just for the fun of the thing. It has been there twenty-two years now, and Mr. Flint hasn't laughed over it for a long time, although an average of four or five people will stop in to inquire about it daily. These callers help break up his day and, moreover, some of them linger and get interested in the unclaimed furniture he sells on the ground floor of the warehouse. He has the sign touched up every few years, when the paint begins to fade.

### *Abou Ben Einstein*

THE celebrities tell us that of late there has been a revival of interest in autograph-collecting; they're bothered nearly everywhere. The autograph people were after Einstein when he was here, naturally, and with some success. One youth hung around the entrance of the scientist's cabin all one morning without getting a chance at his hero, until he got an inspiration when he saw a messenger boy bearing flowers admitted without question. He rushed off the boat, bought a dozen cheap roses, and came back. When a steward stopped him and asked "Who sent you with those?" he replied firmly: "My boss." That passed him. Mrs. Einstein met him, accepted the flowers, and offered to sign for them. At this the fellow confessed. Mrs. Einstein called her husband and told him about it. The scientist laughed and wrote his name for the visitor.

A German who used to live in Schöneberg, not far from the Einsteins, also got the scientist's signature. He was stopped outside the cabin, but when he pleaded that he was from Schöneberg, he was announced to Mrs. Einstein, who said he might sit at a nearby table and look at the great man. He did so, and made a sketch of Einstein. The



latter saw him at it and smiled and this emboldened the German to walk over and exhibit the sketch. He mentioned he had been practically a neighbor and Einstein signed the drawing. He also wrote a little poem over his signature. "Maybe the young man will not like the poem," Mrs. Einstein said. "Well," said her husband, "I've written it near the bottom of the page so he can tear it off if he wishes." We didn't get the wording of this poem but we did get one of Einstein's rhymes. He likes to write them, incidentally, and does them rather well offhand. The one we have he wrote for Hendrik Willem Van Loon, who was on the ship with him and gave him some pointers on talking over the radio. It goes, freely translated: "Perfect in English is Herr Van Loon, who helped me well with the microphone."

At a reception given here for Einstein, a maid named Elfreda also got his autograph. She was so awed by his presence that she didn't bring in the refreshments at the proper moment. In fact she didn't bring them in at all until after she had carried through a desperate plan. This was to bring the distinguished man a piece of folded paper on a tray. The hostess saw her with it, but thought she was bearing a message and did nothing. Einstein unfolded the paper and found it quite blank. "Sign," hissed Elfreda, blushing, and he did.

### *Milk and Water*

IF you weren't shivering too violently, you may have noticed in the Army-Navy game program the advertisement of Hermès of Paris, showing a beautiful big flask. We hear that the Salvation Army, for whose benefit the game was played, objected to advertising a liquor flask in the program and tried to keep the ad out. Finally the Frowert Company, advertising agents for Hermès, persuaded the Salvationists to let it go through, pointing out, rather brightly, that the flasks were intended to be used for milk and water: it was only in a few isolated cases of depravity that they were used for liquor. The agency's argument was borne out by the picture of the flask itself, which clearly showed the words "Milk" and "Water" engraved neatly thereon. Even the Salvation Army has to believe its own eyes.

### *Surgeon*

HARD times tend to stimulate the business of Mr. I. Davis, the broken-doll mender of the town. In his shop in lower Sixth Avenue he has mended more dolls this year than ever before—and he customarily mends about three thousand in the few weeks preceding Christmas. We never realized, before talking to him, what intense feeling people have about dolls, and what jams whole families get into sometimes over a sick doll. A year ago Christmas Eve Mr. Davis received a phone call from a distressed father in Malverne, Long Island. "My wife is a wreck," the man cried, "my little daughter is a wreck, I am a wreck, Christmas is going to be a wreck. I will give you anything you ask if you'll let me bring this damn doll in tonight." The man came in, and Mr. Davis revived the doll before midnight.

One large doll shows up at the Davis shop every Christmas to be redressed and cleaned and to have her hair done. She is as big as a child of five and is the sole companion of a bachelor, aged sixty-five, who seats her at table with him when he dines, and likes her to look nice. While we were in the shop we saw a doll that had been in a family for eighty years, during which time its torso had gradually disintegrated. Mr. Davis likes problems like that, for the doll's cheeks were still pink, her hair still beautiful, and her position in the family still unchallenged.

The basement, where the operating table is, seemed to us to be in a fine state of disorder—legs, arms, torsos, and heads scattered about. From one corner, eyes stared at us, just eyes. It is always a minor miracle how a shop like that picks up its business—you wouldn't think so many people with broken dolls would know about the white-haired surgeon of Sixth Avenue. Some of the dolls come from distant points—sent by people who knew Davis' skill when he was located in Detroit and was a sort of Dr. Mayo for Middle-Western dolls. And of course the trade knows about him. It is literally true that he can fix any doll, no matter how far gone it is. Dolls that have been silent for years leave his shop saying "Mamma."

### *This Culture*

AFTER much struggling with servants, a young house mistress came upon what she concluded was a jewel, colored, named Bessie. She was recommended as neat, painstaking, and industrious, and she seemed to be pleasant and willing; and she said she wasn't particular about having days off. "Ah ain' much to gad about," she said, " 'ceptin' I like to get off now and then to go to the Metropolitan." This seemed surprising but laudable to the lady. In fact, it impressed her deeply. "Do you go there often?" she asked, hoping that the reply would reveal whether it was the opera or the museum that Bessie visited. "Well," said Bessie, "I'se been goin' there a lot lately. There's a specual man Ah has to see an' evvy time he's out. I got to get him to change the beneficiary of mah life insurance."

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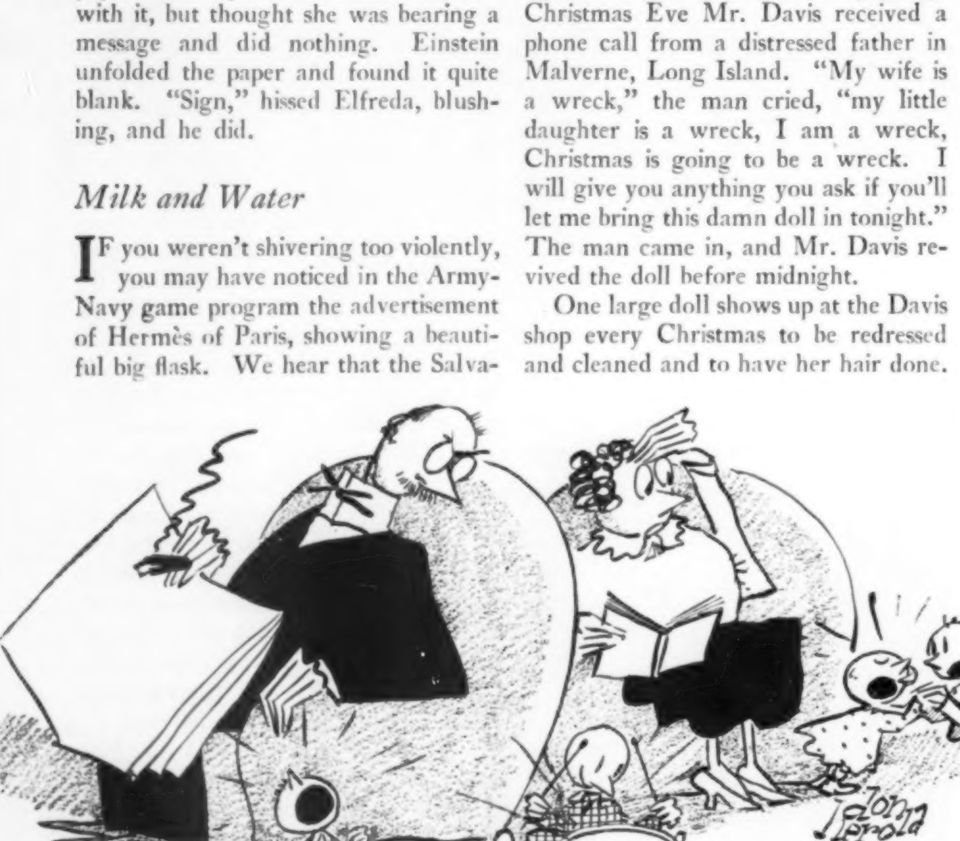
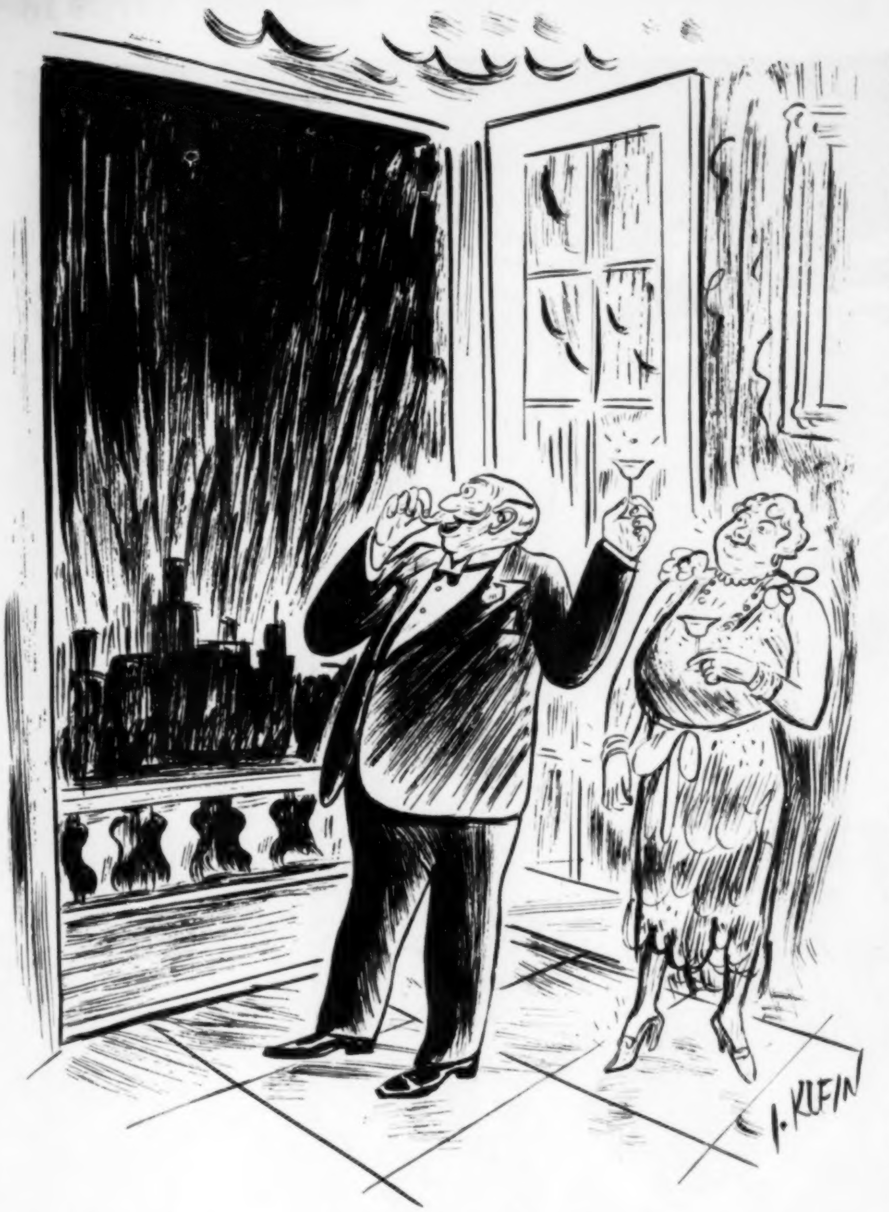
YULETIDE speakeasy scene: Policeman enters, goes up to bar, and



"Where did we ever get the idea we loved children?"



*"Ah, the factory whistles greeting the New Year and our Little Gem Button Hook Company's whistles shrilling above all."*

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says heartily to owner: "Merry Christmas." Owner punches "No Sale" key on cash register, takes out bill, hands it to policeman, and says, not quite so heartily: "Merry Christmas." Policeman exits to continue his rounds.

## *Lessons of the Master*

THERE are darn near as many philosophers in town—visiting philosophers—as there are apple men. Gurdjieff, Orage's master, is one of the latest to stir up aesthetes and ladies who think deeply. Unlike Tagore, who is old and a little tired, Gurdjieff is only sixty-seven, muscular, and vital. He is here from Fontainebleau, where, eight years ago, in a château once owned by Dreyfus, he started the Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man. The French government gave the château to Dreyfus as compensation, Dreyfus gave it to his lawyer out of gratitude, and the lawyer gave it to Gurdjieff out of admiration. After two years he had an automobile accident and gave up the Institute, but he still has the château.

The philosopher expects to be here for a month or more. Every night in Studio No. 61 at Carnegie Hall some one of his disciples reads a few chapters from the Master's book (admission two dollars up), upon which he has been at work for seven years. It is called "Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson, or an Objective Criticism of the Life of Man." Gurdjieff sits near the platform during the reading, smoking and watching the audience, which is generally made up of forty or so people, some of them unusual-looking. His own English is not so good.

A man who listened to one of the readings couldn't get enough out of it to get a hold on. He asked a disciple, a young chap three years out of Yale, about the theory or belief of the Master and was told that Gurdjieff does not advance theories or beliefs, but that everything is his private knowledge.

Gurdjieff and his party, which numbers nine or ten, have several apartments at 204 West Fifty-ninth. When he is bored with one apartment he goes to another. When he is bored with them all he goes to a Childs restaurant. He usually spends a couple of hours every morning in the Childs in Columbus Circle and a couple of hours every afternoon in the Childs at Fifth and Fifty-fifth, drinking coffee, observing life, writing metaphysics. He never eats in these restaurants, just has coffee, for he cooks his own meals, and excellently, too, they say.

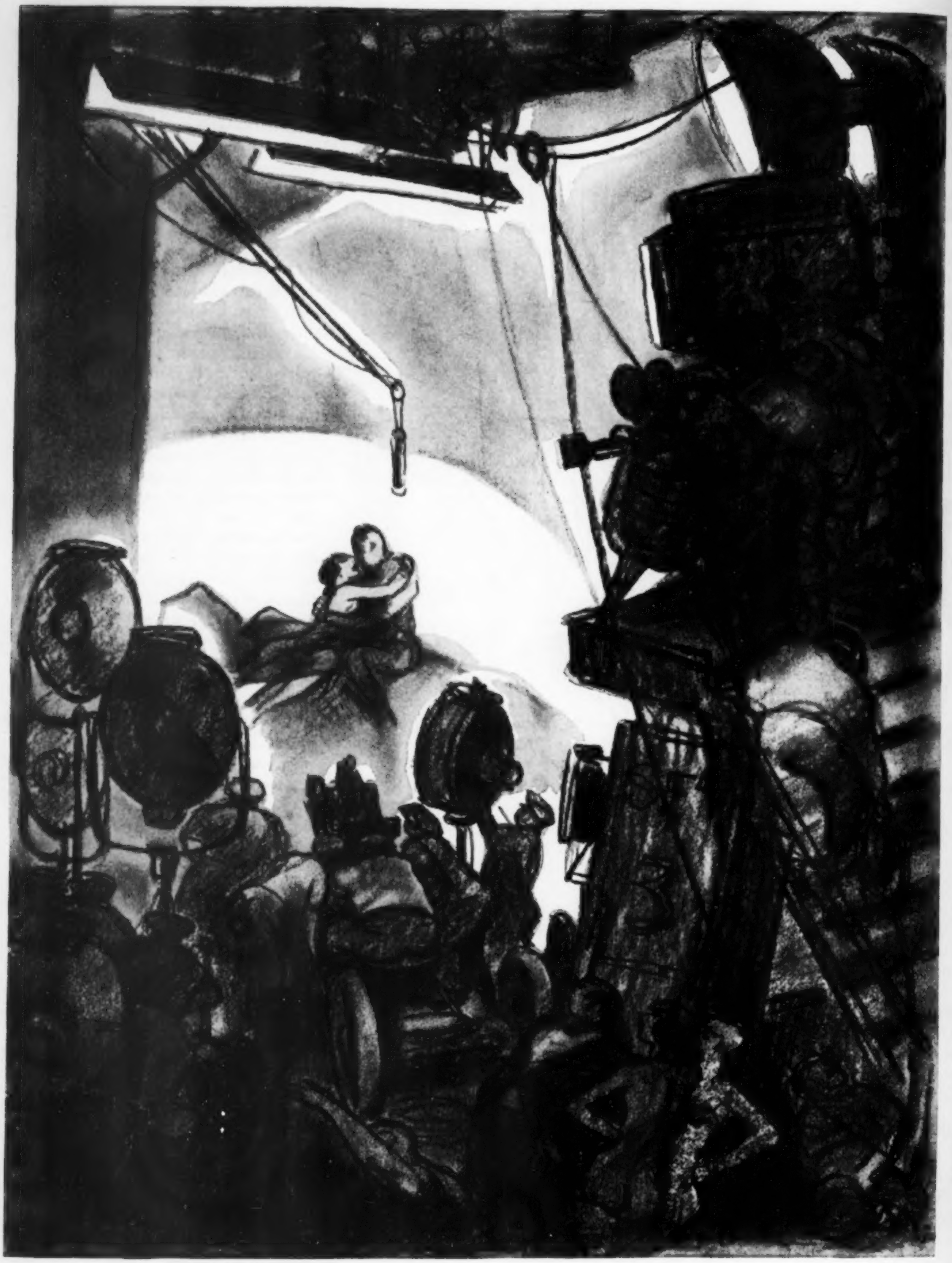
Despite his accident, Gurdjieff still likes motoring. He drives himself. Several times he has led a small caravan of cars filled with his followers out of New York. He has no objective, just turns into any road he feels like taking. If he stops to write, or to play the harmonica, the other cars stop and wait until he has finished.

At Fontainebleau Gurdjieff usually entertains forty or fifty people Saturday nights with a bath, a feast, and dancing lessons. The bath is a sort of super-Turkish bath which puts one in fettle for the feast and the dancing. Gurdjieff weighs two hundred pounds but is surprisingly light on his feet. Occasionally he makes his pupils lie on their backs while he steps from stomach to stomach without hurting anyone.

## *Fault*

PING-PONG purists have been up in arms about the Theatre Guild play, "Roar China!" There is a ping-pong game in the first act, from which Mr. William Gargan (the Mr. Hall of the play) is shown to emerge victor. The ping-pong purists say he emerges nothing of the sort. They say his serves are illegal. He always serves overhand—just stands there and serves fault after fault. They should all count as points for his opponent, Miss Sanchia Robertson—which would mean the whole play would have to be rewritten. Maybe that is why it is closing.

—THE NEW YORKERS



*"I love you!"*

# JIG FOR BASSOONS

THE fashionable specialist leaned back in his chair and flipped absently at the leaves of his diary, staring over his shoulder into Harley Street. Frowning, he tossed the little leather-bound book on the table, a dark lake of mahogany in which were mirrored a large square silver photograph frame surmounted by a neat coronet, a severe inkstand of crystal and silver, a black marble penstand, a note block, an appointment block, and a blotting pad. He drew the note block toward him, selected a gold fountain pen, and made a note, still frowning thoughtfully. Then, glancing at the appointment block, he pressed with one slim patent-leather-shod foot a silent bell-push under the table and sighed.

A trim maidservant appeared.

"Admiral Bowline," said the specialist absently.

The maid withdrew, and within a few moments reappeared, ushering in a figure of unmistakable Navy cut. Admiral Bowline was a man of average height, inclining slightly to stoutness yet brisk and alert in action. His features were clean-cut and bronzed, his eyes keen and of an icy blue. His bearing spoke of authority and bluff common sense. His blue lounge suit proclaimed Savile Row, his appearance care without foppishness. He carried a black bowler hat and an exquisitely rolled umbrella. His gloves were pale lemon, his shirt and tie quietly modish.

"How d'you do?" said the specialist, without moving. He motioned to the chair facing him, full in the light of a bright London afternoon.

"How d'you do?" said Admiral Bowline brusquely, sitting down. He placed his hat and gloves with a slight rap on the table and came to the point with sailorly precision.

"The trouble," he said, "is Nelson."

"Nelson," said the specialist, taking up a pen and studying the nib deliberately.

There was a silence.

"Nelson," said Admiral Bowline in incisive tones. His keen, cold blue eyes met the eyes of the specialist. For a moment neither spoke, each weighing the other. Then the specialist lowered his gaze and scribbled a word on his note block.

"Nelson," he murmured encouragingly.

"He's standing just behind you now," said the Admiral. The other nodded. He was accustomed to such things. That same morning he had prescribed for a lean, pale, firm-jawed scientist who had been for some time bothered by finding Jesuits concealed in table-drawers and under the cushions of taxicabs. The strain of modern life tends this way. He sighed gently.

"Well?"

IN staccato sentences the Admiral explained. For some weeks Nelson, Horatio Lord Nelson (1758-1805), had been haunting him. Everywhere he (Bowline) went Nelson was there, one empty sleeve pinned to his breast, staring at him. The victor of Trafalgar wore full-dress naval uniform with decorations and cocked hat. He (Nelson) never left him (Bowline) alone for a moment, even when he (Bowline) was having his bath. Nelson's expression was one of grave astonishment and never varied.

"Look at him," said the Admiral irritably, pointing a finger over the specialist's shoulder. The other nodded without turning his head and bent to his note block. For a moment or two he scribbled, then laid down his pen carefully and joined the tips of his fingers together, looking across at his patient.

"And you want me to do just what?"

"I want you," said Admiral Bowline with a tinge of impatience, "to make Nelson go away. You and I are men of the world. This is not the Middle Ages. I'm not to be humbugged like this, damme. I've asked him perfectly respectfully to leave me alone. He won't. I want you to make him."

"Yes?" said the specialist. He leaned aside and ran one finger over a small revolving book-cabinet. All the leading modern psychiatrists were there—Freud, Krafft-Ebing, Moll, Papovski, Machin-Chose, Fichelecamp, Havelock Ellis, Rondibilis, Porter-Smith. He selected a volume, fluttered the pages quickly, murmured something, paused, and replaced it. "A simple lesion," he murmured. "Polymorphous condition of Duckett's Gland? . . ."

He looked keenly at the Admiral.

"What are your habits in the matter of alcohol?"

Admiral Bowline's firm, clean-shaven lips parted in the ghost of a contemptuous smile.

"Alcohol? I suppose you have to ask that. Well, practically nothing. Couple of whiskies and soda a day. Say half a dozen at the outside. No, it's not that."

The specialist's glance took in the clearness of the sailor's skin, the cold, direct clearness of his gaze, the steadiness of the brown fingers which lay composedly on the table. No, the fellow was obviously not an alcoholic. . . . He raised his voice slightly.

"Look me straight in the eyes."

FOR the space of two minutes nothing was heard in the room but the soft ticking of the small silver clock on the Adam mantel. For the space of two minutes the deep searching gaze of the one probed and bored relentlessly into the furthest recesses of the mind of the other; a man like himself of iron personality, acute intelligence, and—save for being haunted by Nelson—strong material common sense. Yet such minds as this may be as wax in the hands of a master. The pupils of the great specialist's dark eyes narrowed in an intensity of concentration, dilated, shrank again to pinpoints of electric power, dynamic, glowing, piercing the very soul. At length he leaned back with eyes closed and spoke, wearily but with the assurance of a task achieved.

"Nelson," he said, "is no longer there."

"Yes, I am," said Nelson.

The specialist jumped and stifled an exclamation as the victor of Trafalgar stepped daintily round the table and confronted him. The delicate feminine features of Horatio Lord Nelson

wore something very like a sneer, which changed to an expression, evidently habitual, of grave astonishment as he removed his gaze from the specialist to Admiral Bowline.

"You see?" said Admiral Bowline. He glanced in triumph at the specialist, whose eyes, staring and hollow in a dead-white mask, were fixed on Nelson.

"THAT'S not Nelson," said the specialist at length. He spoke with a perceptible effort; his knuckles were white as he leaned forward, gripping the arms of his Hepplewhite chair. Over his nobly shaped forehead a thick strand of silver hair, erstwhile carefully groomed, drooped lank and damp. With a long white wavering finger he restored it. There was a silence, broken only by the faint yoop, far off and muffled by intervening doors, of a duchess awaiting her turn for healing. Then Admiral Bowline shrugged impatiently and turned to Nelson.

"You *are* Nelson, Sir, aren't you?"

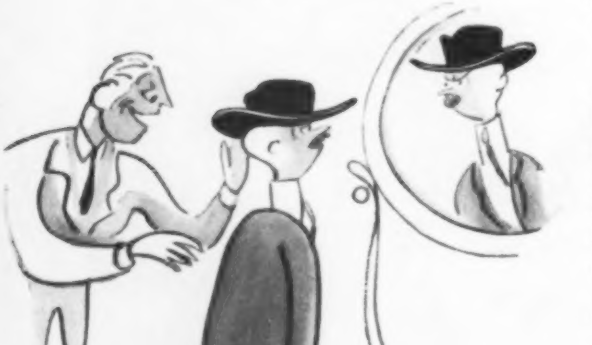
"Certainly," said Nelson coldly.

With another shrug the Admiral gathered his hat and gloves and rose to go. As he did so a thick whisper arrested him.

"That's not Nelson," whispered the great specialist, pointing a shaking finger in front of him, "*that's Annie Laurie*. Oh, my God! It's always Annie Laurie. Go away, Annie! Oh, my God!"

He laid his fine head on the table and began to cry softly.

—D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS



*"If Grover Whalen were to come in here, that's the hat I'd sell him."*

## WORDS TO BE SPOKEN ON THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR

The earth, wandering in the night,
The earth, struck white,
Its hills chiselled with cold,
Its rivers locked
In silence stranger than the silence of rock,
The earth, with its children asleep in its breast,
Wanders between the low stars, seeking rest.

The children of earth asleep beneath the dust,
Beneath the silver rust
Of snow—
O do they know
That earth has lost the unreturning year?
And do they hear,
Even as we who watch the midnight go,
The whimper of years that blow
Forever down the steep and glittering sky?

Why do we cry
Against Time's passing, we who stand
On the wandering earth, hand in hungry hand,
A little space, watching the low stars set?
What is it we cannot forget?

—FRANCES M. FROST

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## MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE

SAM and Sally docked early in the morning, and Sally called up Mrs. Gersbach as soon as she reached the hotel.

"Here we are," she cried. "Married! Bride and groom! I've got him at last."

Mrs. Gersbach braced herself to the shock.

"We are wild to see you."

"You can't see much of us," said Sally. "We have to go right on to see Papa in Winnetka. We're broke."

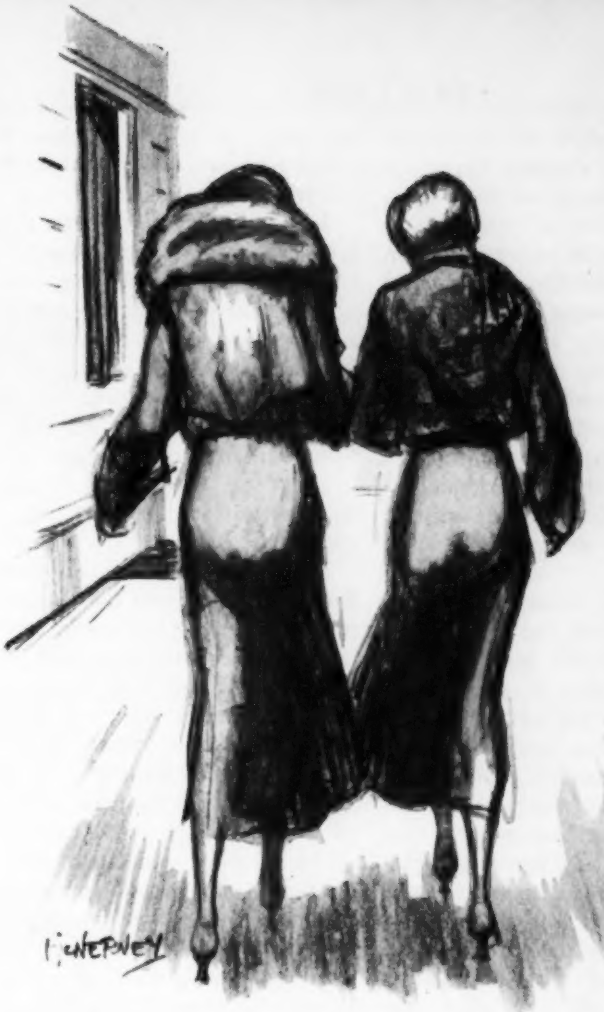
They didn't have to go till next morning, however, and Mrs. Gersbach arranged a cocktail party for that afternoon. Their old friends! Their dearest friends! Mrs. Gersbach discussed the list, and then Mrs. Gersbach wanted to congratulate Sam.

"Oh, Sam isn't here," said Sally. "Sam's down at the dock, getting our things through the customs. I came on ahead. It's such a relief to have a man do those stupid things."

Mrs. Gersbach was busy as a bee for the rest of the day, though not so much with the material preparations for her party. Gin and crackers! Her menus were simple. And flowers! Flowers? Not roses. Not lilies. Nothing bridal. "Orange blossoms? I declare I wouldn't have the nerve," she thought. " 'Mums is the thing now," said the florist at the little corner shop. "There ain't much but 'mums this time of year. 'Mums and them leaves." Oh, the autumn leaves! Mrs. Gersbach tittered to herself at some joke of her own which she couldn't really define. She bought a few of the chrysanthemums and a great sheaf of the red and russet leaves. She could depend upon the leaves for her decorations. Bright, gay, brittle, pretty, dead—oh, why was it somehow funny to buy autumn leaves for this bridal pair?

SHE had hardly time for these brisk arrangements. There were so many people to telephone, so many hasty interviews to manage. There was quite a Winnetka group living about in the East Sixties. They would run from one apartment to another, rush up little stairways, squeeze into little elevators, scurry from one to another like neighbors in a small town.

Sam and Sally, they're married. They've done it. At last! At the Mairie in Paris! Why should it be exciting? They had been expecting and working for that marriage for years. Years and years! Ten years! And after the Crash, after the Slump, there had been obviously nothing else for Sam to do. The little group faced facts.



*"He's terribly intense—for a Gentile."*

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They were kind about facts, but they knew them, knew all the facts. It was a relief. Yes, a relief to have the Sam and Sally affair settled at last, to have Sam settled. It was nice for Sally too—she'd really always been devoted to him; but chiefly they wouldn't have to worry now about Sam—dear improvident Sam! Or was it settled? Did marriage really settle things? What exactly would Sam do?

"Sally's father ought to buy them a farm," said Effie Bayliss. "Sam would make a magnificent gentleman farmer."

Dear overserious, oversensitive, penniless Effie! The kind of woman who didn't find it dull to be respected. Mrs. Gersbach had run around the corner to break the news of the marriage to Effie first of all. However, Sally had got ahead of her. Sally had telephoned Effie. Effie seemed very composed about it, and said that she had tried to get them to luncheon, one of her card-table luncheons, but that they were going to Brooklyn.

"Sally's aunt! And before that Sally has to see the dentist and Sam must go with her because she is afraid to go alone. Sally wanted me to tell you, too, that Sam may be late this afternoon. He has to go out somewhere in the country to get Rover. Sally's Spitz, you know. He's been boarding at some kennels, and now Sally wants him."

"Think of poor lazy Sam doing all that in one day," said Mrs. Gersbach, and then she grew quite jocular. "But he's not poor Sam any more. Sam's on Easy Street."

"I hope he is," said Effie.

Effie's a liar, thought Mrs. Gersbach. Either a liar or just softhearted. It was hard to tell. Poor Effie!

EVERYBODY was at Mrs. Gersbach's before the bridal pair. They had had a round of drinks to get in the mood before Sally arrived, alone. Sam hadn't showed up yet with Rover.

"Think of it," said Sally. "If I hadn't had a husband I would have had to go way out to those old kennels myself."

Sally had never been so gay. She looked very pretty and really quite young, and she was inclined to be amusing about her marriage and about Sam, just outspoken in the "modern" manner.

"I am glad Sam isn't a businessman," she declared. "I never could stand a businessman coming in from an office. Of course I think Sam might have something to do, just something to occupy his mind between drinks."

It was delightful to see her meeting with Sam, when, finally—for Rover had been sick in the taxi—he did appear.

"At last," she cried. "Now I can have one of my cigarettes. Sam carries my cigarettes. It's so wonderful having all those pockets to put things in."

"Here's a telegram from your father," Sam said.

"May I presume to inquire what your plans may be?" said the telegram. Everybody read it.

Sally was astonished. She had thought that Sam had telegraphed their plans already to Father. Didn't he know how important it was to keep Father informed of their moves? "I count on you for things like that," she exclaimed.

Then there were more cocktails. The party began to grow relaxed, and very soon there were Sam and Effie having one of their old-time sober talks in a corner. Everybody noticed them. Sally noticed them. She stood very near them and said in a clear voice that all the room could hear, that Effie could hear: "Sam does the funniest imitations of Effie."

SALLY said afterwards several times that she didn't know when she had so much enjoyed herself. She was sorry that they had to leave early, but they had to go to a dinner. A big dinner, friends of Father's! The invitation had come just before she had left the hotel for this party and she hadn't dared refuse, and she hadn't had a chance to tell Sam about it. Sam muttered something about having planned to meet some old friends, some of his old crowd, at the Yale Club that evening, but now that was obviously out of the question.

There was an enormous bustle getting them off, what with all the last embraces and jokings and laughter. It was touching, too, to see how helpless Sally had become all at once, and how she couldn't get into her coat unless Sam held it for her, and to note Sam's eager rush up the street after a taxi, and his assurance that he would get her to the dinner in time.

"My goodness," Sally said, "husbands are a convenience."

—JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

## OLD LADIES

IT may be that there are always old ladies hurrying through the streets around Broadway and the Fifties. Perhaps one simply doesn't notice them. Certainly there was an afternoon when they jumped to visibility. All around Broadway and Seventh Avenue, there they were—stabbing silently through the crowds, teetering on the edge of a traffic stream, or sailing assured up a side-street, bonnets abob. And all in the same direction, facing toward Fifth Avenue, as though hastening to some central point where an old ladies' convention was presumably in progress.

I had just come from the Theatre Guild when the first one flagged my attention. She wasn't very old, and yet in her black velvet dress composed of basque and skirt she seemed to have stepped from another epoch. She was alert and quick as an ant, and stabbed through the crowd cleverly. Her features were aquiline, her sunken eyes sharp and black. By her erect bearing and the pride of her manner one realized that she had been a beauty and perhaps a personage. All this she told you as briskly and with unconscious arrogance she made her erect way through the crowd, not noticing it.

Sailing along in the same direction, not long after, was a very aged woman. Voluminous and somewhat draggled calico enveloped her. She wore a shawl and bonnet, and she was tight. Jovial, bawdy, and unashamed, a little tight and going to be tighter. She walked with a dignified step, balanced as on a tightrope, proclaiming thereby that if she was uncertain on her feet it was only her weight, her years, and not the drop of liquor. Her face was fretted with wrinkles, her eyes crinkled with laughter, and you didn't need to hear the few words of ribaldry which she threw at a truck-driver to know she was Irish.

THEN as I turned down from the Fifties to the Forties a tiny little creature in a dolman stood window-shopping. She was so minute that she seemed a child dressed up in something from her grandmother's old trunk, until you saw the innocent little lined face, the small wrinkled hands. Window-shopping in front of one of those Broadway stores where dance-sets of the scantiest are displayed. And did she long for one to put upon her aged legs, or was it a niece or grandniece—impossible to think of her having grandchildren—for whom she longed to buy one?

I turned away, and there, sitting in a taxicab, was a Jewish grandma, her hands folded placidly on her high stomach, her glittering black eyes, alert as a monkey's, surveying the crowd. Her face, the color of ancient parchment, was but little lined. She sat with the complacency of an idol which has received generations of worship, and with an idol's immobility, except for the sparkling, racing eyes.

On the corner of Sixth Avenue at Forty-eighth Street there were two more of them. One would have been tall except for the fact that she was round-shouldered until her stoop had become a hump. She was dressed in some blue sleazy mercerized cotton which flapped, skimpy and forlorn, above her white stockings, which ended in high button shoes. She wore a sacque of worn mauve corduroy. An old-lady hat, a peculiar battered-straw effect that only old ladies can achieve, topped her gray hair. Her legs were thin. One could see her varicose veins through the poor stockings. But sunken eyes held nobility and the announcement that there once had been beauty. A full head shorter than herself, and dressed much better, stood a little creature undoubtedly her sister. The taller one had grasped her firmly by the wrist. The little one was all bewildered by the noise and traffic and as there was a lull would have darted across Sixth Avenue. The taller one spoke:

"You can't cross till the red light comes. You can't go while the green light is on."

"Oh," the little one repeated; "you can't go till the red light . . ." It was as though the red and green lights were something new and delightful in their experience.

And the other: "No, not till the red light is on."

The little one looked up with a glance of inquiry, awaiting the red light like a docile child. Twice it went on, but they hesitated, either because they did not dare to go or because they liked to see the lights change. Then at last, slowly and calmly, they crossed and walked toward Fifth Avenue, the tall one still holding the little one's wrist firmly; and one had the impression that so they had walked throughout their lives.

AND that was not the end. As I went into the Plaza for tea I noticed a group, at the centre of which sat the apotheosis of all old ladies. Black silk billowed around her voluminously. Her cheeks were pink and she wore a little lace cap on top of her white hair. On all sides crowded young people and older people to congratulate her—her birthday, maybe, or merely to assure her again that she was still the most adorable creature in the world. A fact which, from her gracious and lovely manner, from her divine assurance, one gathered she had never for a moment doubted.

—MARY HEATON VORSE

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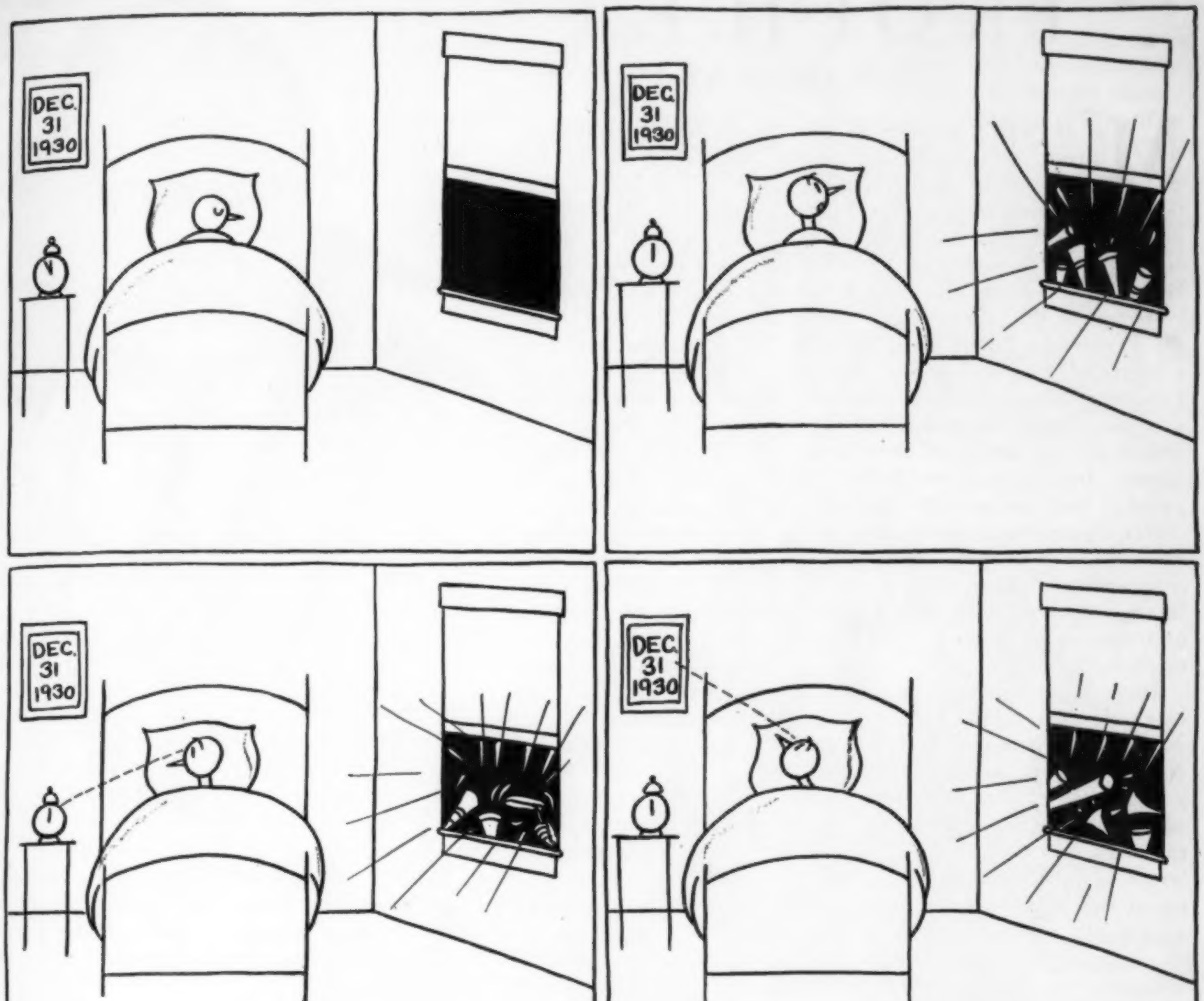
## MORE ABOUT PEOPLE

When people aren't asking questions
They're making suggestions
And when they're not doing one of those
They're either looking over your shoulder or stepping on your toes
And then as if that weren't enough to annoy you
They employ you.
Anybody at leisure
Incurs everybody's displeasure.
It seems to be very irking
To people at work to see other people not working,
So they tell you that work is wonderful medicine,
Just look at Firestone and Ford and Edison,
And they lecture you till they're out of breath or something
And then if you don't succumb they starve you to death or something.
All of which results in a nasty quirk:
That if you don't want to work you have to work to earn enough money so that you won't have to work.

—OGDEN NASH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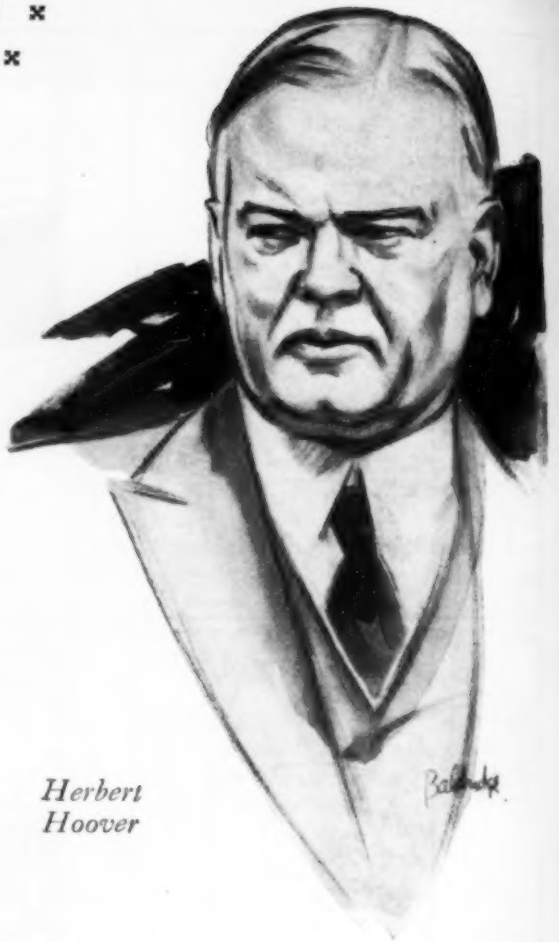
# PROFILES

## THE PRESIDENT—I



*Herbert Hoover*

MR. HOOVER'S devotion to efficiency, still flourishing after two years of exposure to the fallacies of a democracy, must find particular satisfaction in the small, white building at the west end of the White House. Everywhere else, even in the innermost of the private rooms where the Presidential family lives, there is a degree of pomp and parade. In the Executive Offices, ceremony is reduced to a non-existent minimum. Starchily dressed military and naval aides rarely appear. Instead, there are a uniformed guard or two, and an occasional clerk. There are constant visitors: men with briefcases, men smoking and reading a newspaper while they wait. Even the Secret Service men, so often betrayed by the stamp of detective, seem indistinguishable here.

Immediately inside the entrance is a bare table where a White House policeman asks callers to state their business. Near it are some chairs, and beyond it a circular lobby. Here is another, larger table. A green rug of bilious sleeping-car shade is on the floor. There are several upright ashstands. If an etching or two adorned the walls, if there were a lofty information girl conscious of silk legs, if the rugs were pseudo-Oriental, this might be the reception-room of some large corporation. No going concern, however, would tolerate such lack of opulence.

Yet the Executive Offices are vastly impressive; and this has little to do with the fact that a Wilson, a Coolidge, or a Hoover is seated a few yards away, in a cheerful room which looks out over the south lawn toward the Washington Monument and the valley of the Potomac. The President, to most of those who work around him, is almost an abstraction. It is the office which is revered: by gay little filing clerks, by hardboiled guards, by the attachés who have watched Presidents come and go. All these people—I am not now speaking of the President's secretaries, who come and go with him—have few illusions. They saw Wilson fail in his last fight. They knew Harding for the Brother Elk he was. They considered Coolidge an accident of God. They now incline to the current verdict in Washington that Mr. Hoover has been a shade overrated. But the abstraction remains, entitled to a loyalty which is complete.

All this is in the air. The offices may appear commonplace, but no man enters without scrutiny, or takes three steps without being asked, with all courtesy, why he is there. Let the faintest eccentricity be shown—even so much as a loud demand to see the President—and action is immediate. The caller finds himself outside, as completely in custody as though he had hurled a bomb. If harmless, he is escorted from the grounds, but he stands an excellent chance of landing in jail or a psychopathic ward. Men are watching eternally, outside and inside, night and day.

THE advent of Herbert Hoover has resulted in changes, as the change of an administration always does. Insofar as the business end of government is concerned, the departure of Calvin Coolidge brought longer hours, more intense activity, many more callers. Mr. Hoover is usually at his desk by eight-thirty o'clock, and remains until six o'clock in the evening. Even then, he is not finished, and it is an established rule that one of the stenographers shall be on duty at the White House itself every night. Mr. Hoover consults and confers endlessly, whereas Mr. Coolidge detested conferences, and left each day at four o'clock. He demanded that department heads arrive at a conclusion before seeing him, state it briefly, and depart.

A newly appointed Cabinet member appeared one day just before four o'clock with a bulging briefcase and announced that he wished to see President Coolidge. A secretary demurred. It was the end of the day; besides, Mr. Coolidge did not enjoy wading through papers. The Cabinet officer drew himself up and pushed by, pointing out that he was a personal friend as well as a member of the Official Family. A few minutes later he emerged, very red in the face.

"What did he say?" asked the secretary, a little maliciously. The Cabinet member coughed, broke down. "He bawled me out," he admitted.

MR. HOOVER wants to see every paper and every letter. He wants a finger in every pie, and his desk is never clear. He has four secretaries instead of one. He has abolished handshaking, and he causes despair among those who feel that the President of the United States must, above all else, be a good fellow. They insist, doubtless correctly, that Civil War Veteran and Old Republican and Devoted Supporter are not interested in the fact that the Executive Offices were remodelled in March of 1929, that files were transferred to the cellar, and offices for the new secretaries substituted for storage-rooms. Certain enthusiasts want Mr. Hoover to shake hands with Oklahoma's Champion Tree-Sitter, with Miss Universe, with Rin-Tin-Tin. Mr. Hoover sometimes gives in, but does the honors so ungraciously that little is gained.

Rudy Vallée was in Washington for a personal appearance last winter and his managers intimated that so great a national hero should be received at the

White House. One of the Hoover secretaries agreed. But Mr. Hoover, studying the polished surface of his desk, gave the impression that radio stars were a decided nuisance. "Who is Rudy Vallée?" he demanded, although he knew perfectly well. The incident got back to Mr. Vallée and he brooded quite a while over it.

In other words, it is sometimes difficult for Mr. Hoover to respond to attempts to humanize him. He seems cold. Actually he is quite softhearted, and cannot bear the sight of suffering. Once, while in charge of the relief work in Belgium, an aide took him through the streets of Brussels to a new field-kitchen. He pointed, with pride, to the unending line of gaunt women and children. Hoover gave it one glance, turned away.

"Don't you ever let me see one of those again!" he ordered.

It is generally agreed, now that the second year of the administration is ending, that Herbert Hoover is not a popular President. The politicians have long disliked him. The election this November demonstrated that the voters feel that he has fallen down on the job. They attributed to Mr. Hoover, rather than to God, the stock crash and the drought. They condemned him for finding no solution to prohibition. They turned to the Democrats, either for help or in rage, and Mr. Hoover suffered one of the worst repudiations in Presidential history. It may be months before the exact results are known, for there will be long and bitter court wrangles in contested elections. The complexion of the next Congress may be changed at any time by deaths of Republicans and Democrats. But whether or not, in the end, the G.O.P. still holds the Senate and the House by a vote or two, Mr. Hoover will be impotent. The Democrats and the Insurgents will rule.

Mr. Hoover was aware that all this was going to happen. Unlike some Presidents, he listens to gloomy as well as cheerful reports. He is aware of the talk, at first intermittent but now astonishingly frequent, that he will not receive the nomination in 1932 or that, if he does, he may be defeated. Not many men have the courage to speak to the President, to any President, frankly, but Mr. Hoover appears to welcome those who do. He listens, but is not convinced. One of the most tenacious men alive, he feels that there is ground for pessimism but that he will win out, and by his own methods. His attitude during the tariff fight was typical. After it was over, after the hodgepodge had been offered for his signature, Mr. Hoover promptly said that he would sign it. He insisted it was a much better bill than it had been at first, and pointed to clause after clause which brought the measure closer to his own conception. Was he not entitled to credit for all that?

A conversation to this effect went on, one night, with an industrialist whose confidence in Herbert Hoover had once been unshaken. The visitor looked, almost in despair, at the President. He said it did not matter that the bill had been improved, even in important details. The country did not know that. Did not the President realize that part of his duty was to guide the thought of the people? Doubtless the bill really was better, but what was to be gained when the nation believed it pernicious?

Mr. Hoover, looking down, never glancing up, drew geometric designs

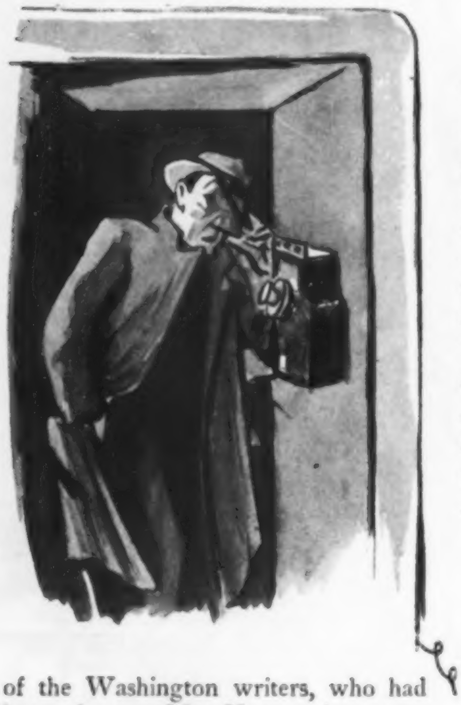
SELECT THE PEN THAT EXPRESSES YOUR PERSONALITY
P. Barlow

on a pad. His voice, as always, was barely audible.

"I'm afraid," he said slowly, "you'll have to give me up. I can never be the sort of man you want me to be."

TWO years have changed him, though, even if against his will. He is still abnormally sensitive, but he no longer believes that every Congressman who votes against a favored measure is disloyal to the administration and the party. He knows that the demands of local constituencies must be obeyed. He has learned, during the past twenty-odd months, a few of the facts of life which Theodore Roosevelt and Alfred E. Smith knew at birth. One of the Washington writers, who had been close to Mr. Hoover for years, was compelled last winter to take issue on some major policies. He was aware that the President felt injured, and was glad when the White House outmaneuvered Congress on a pension grab. He wrote a friendly article, pointing out that the President had finally discovered his strength and after several failures had won a victory. Then he asked one of the White House staff to see that the President read it.

The following morning he telephoned to learn how it had been received. The aide answered that "The Chief," as Mr. Hoover is invariably called by his assistants, had been anything but pleased. "He said," the disgruntled secretary reported, "that it sounded like a Democratic campaign document." But this was months ago; Mr. Hoover would now pretend, at least, that he was gratified.



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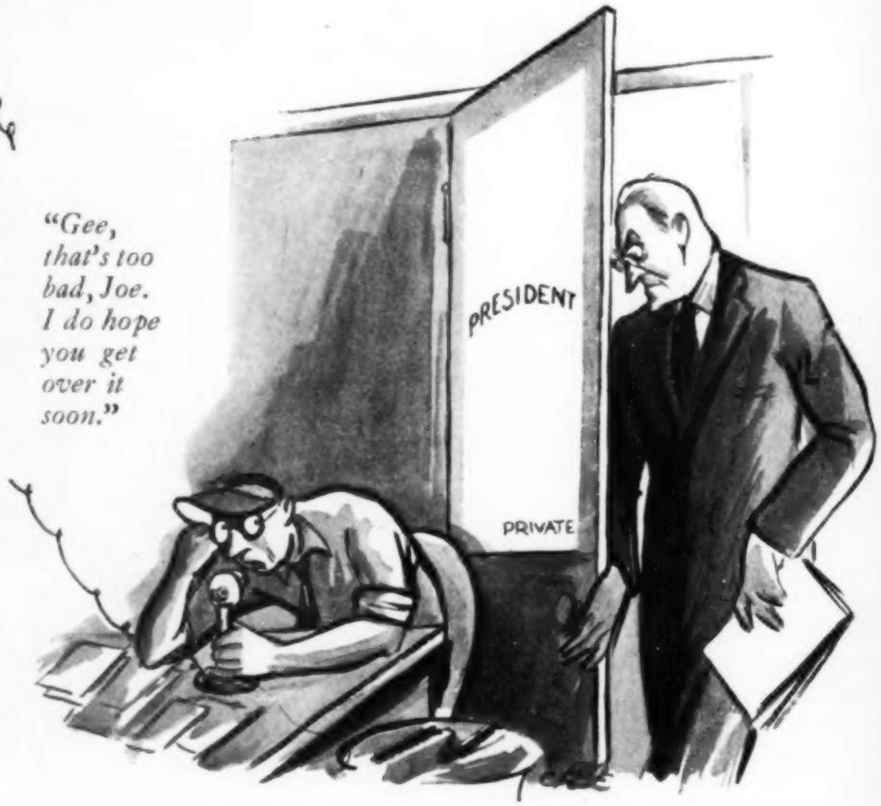
*"Hello, that you, Bill? Tell the boss I'm not coming in today. Tell the old bozo I got dandruff or something."*

He has changed in appearance, too. Almost two years ago I sat across a desk from him at the Department of Commerce and noted that his face was lined, that his hair was getting gray. Today the lines are very much deeper, and more numerous. His skin has a pasty tone, and his hair is grayer. His appearance is, in fact, quite disconcerting, and one leaps to the conclusion that a sensitive, high-strung man is eating his heart out under the criticism which has come to him. This, however, is not wholly true. It does not take into account Mr. Hoover's conviction that he is right. I am assured on authority which cannot be lightly dismissed that Herbert Hoover is actually in better health than when he entered the White House. The duties of the most arduous job on earth have not worn down a man who has always labored to the limit of his strength. Nor is he disturbed by rigid routine, for this has been his habit through life, even when he lived in turbulent mining camps or not far from the guns of war.

He is one of those people who betray every passing mood in their faces. When Mr. Hoover is worried, and he often is, the lines deepen and the color fades. An hour later, safe among friends, the lines vanish. The round, boyish expression which became world-famous during the war returns.

THE Presidential day begins at six-thirty, and at seven o'clock he is on the lawn, dressed in an old sweater, trousers, and canvas shoes for the medicine-ball exercise period. It is not a lighthearted occasion. The faces of his companions, who assure themselves that it is an honor to report at this ghastly hour, are a little drawn. There is little conversation. Secretary of the Interior Wilbur tosses the heavy ball to Supreme Court Justice Stone, who passes it along to Lawrence Richey, the President's confidential secretary. Among the others who take part are Assistant Secretary of the Navy Jahncke and Commander Boone, the White House physician. The game is over in exactly fifteen minutes. The President hurries upstairs where Kosta Boris, his valet, has his clothes ready. The suit is either blue, gray, or brown; double-breasted, conservative. It has been cut from a pattern used for years, and when a new one is needed Boris does not bother to consult the President. Mr. Hoover has reduced the problem of clothes to a highly efficient minimum.



*"Gee, that's too bad, Joe. I do hope you get over it soon."*

When he travelled widely, measurements were filed with tailors in New York, London, Paris, and San Francisco, and a telegram from some outpost was enough to start a new suit on its way. Then they were always of blue serge, and it is a sign of the President's expanding nature that since his nomination he has varied the colors. Even today, Mr. Hoover tries few experiments. He wears the same rather high stiff collars, and his neckties are of neutral shade. All this makes dressing very simple, and by eight-thirty he has finished breakfast, eaten with Mrs. Hoover and other members of the family, if they are in Washington.

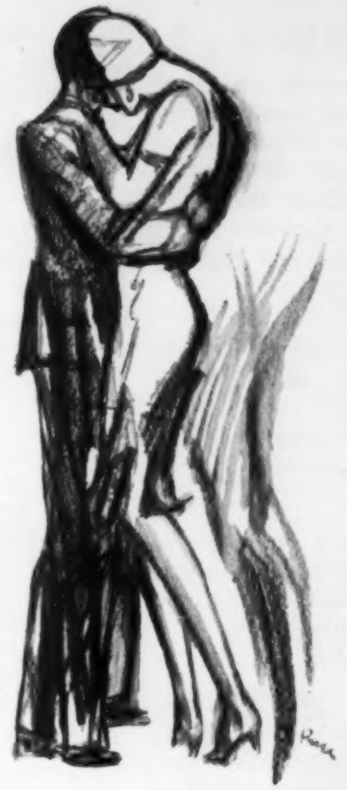
Then the methods of Big Business get under way. George Akerson—large, heavy, and gray-haired—is the contact secretary who has made up the day's appointments. He appears with the list as soon as the President arrives. Then, perhaps, Richey comes in; the antithesis of Akerson. He is small, stocky, and dark. He was in the Secret Service for many years and an aura of mystery surrounds him. Akerson is genial and friendly. Richey is more difficult to see than the President himself. He attends to confidential matters and does many of Mr. Hoover's personal chores. It is he, and not Akerson, who accompanies the Presidential party to the Rapidan camp. The third member of the secretarial quartet is Walter H. Newton, who was a Congressman for ten years and who knows everyone on Capitol Hill. Newton watches the progress of legislation, learns who is for and who against, discovers the probable outcome of committee deliberations. The fourth secretary (the numbers are merely for convenience and have no relation to rank) is French Strother, a magazine writer and editor. Strother has some such title as "Administrative Assistant," but he is more than that. He is a good research man. He is well grounded in the classics and is able to locate quotations for the President. Mr. Strother's main task, however, is taking charge of the various welfare commissions and relief agencies in which Mr. Hoover is interested. To his desk come the letters which ask for government assistance or for the indorsement of the President.

THE day's appointments do not begin until nine-thirty. During the first hour of the day Mr. Hoover glances through his mail and dictates part of the replies to either Miss Shankey or Miss McGrath, two very able young women who can fathom his mumbling words. The President dictates very badly and sometimes he becomes quite unintelligible. Then the stenographers are forced to improvise, to fill in phrases which have been merely guessed at. They do it rather well, for Mr. Hoover seldom asks to have a letter rewritten. The three hours until twelve-thirty are given over to fifteen-minute sessions with Congressmen, delegations, and civic leaders from all parts of the country. Luncheon seldom takes more than forty minutes, although guests are usually present. The afternoon is devoted to uninterrupted concentration on such government problems as the tariff, pensions, Boulder Dam, drought relief; or to further correspondence and the drafting of speeches and messages.

Sometimes it is six-thirty before Mr. Hoover leaves. By ten-thirty he has usually left whatever social function may have been scheduled for the White House that evening. At that hour he is beginning to grow drowsy, and he is soon in bed. Four hours later, almost without exception, the lights in his room are again switched on. He has for years been a troubled sleeper, and he now wakes up soon after two o'clock and reads for about two hours. The White House is silent. The lower rooms are deserted except for the Secret Service men and the police on guard. Mr. Hoover takes from a table near his bed the books he is digesting at the moment. These are seldom murder mysteries. One month not long ago he decided that he wanted to read about Egypt, and Mrs. Hoover provided a dozen books. Then he asked for all available works on some obscure African tribe. Another time he waded through most of the unending volumes of Hakluyt's Voyages. At four o'clock he is again asleep, his mind numb with facts.

—HENRY F. PRINGLE

*(This is the first of three articles on Mr. Hoover. The second will appear next week.)*



*Dance Records*

*"He asked me if I wanted to go to Paris as his secretary and I said: 'You can pick up a secretary on any corner there.' That stopped him."*

• •

• •

## ICONOCLASM

*Instances of Ruthless Idol-Smashing Noted in the News*

| LOCALE | THE ICONOCLAST | THE ICON | THE ICONOCLASM |
|---|---|---|---|
| Chicago | Helena Rubinstein | Venus de Milo | Criticized the length of her legs |
| Atlanta | Will Tuggle | Statue of General Lee | Poured red paint on its nose |
| Copenhagen | Dr. Ditlef Nielsen | Apple of Eden | It was only a pine cone, his researches show |
| Chicago | National Safety Council | Friday, the thirteenth | Reports no more accidents on this day than on any other |
| Boston | Dr. Reginald Fitz | Spring fever | "Spring fever is purely psychological—simply a type of laziness" |

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

## OF ALL THINGS

To close the year with a bang we present our first annual list of unnotables, the Obscurities of 1930: Vice-President What's-His-Name, non-Jones golfers, the junior Senator from Idaho, the other Nobel Prize winners, the Nineteenth Amendment.

•

The quarrel between the President and Congress is noisy enough but it seems to lack nutritive value. What the farmers and the unemployed want is less din and more dinner.

•

It is said that there are people in Chicago who have never seen anybody shot. One can believe this. We have citizens here who have never been struck by a falling judge.

•

Sinclair Lewis carries the news to Europe that America is excessively dollar-minded. Before he comes home he ought to drop in at Newcastle and deliver a load of coal.

•

Our valued customer, Ernest Gruening of the Portland (Maine) *Evening News*, holds that it would *not* have been libellous if Heywood Broun had called his opponent "Magistrate." But of course the facts of Brodsky's life had not been told us back in November.

•

The decision of Judge Clark of the District Court of New Jersey that the Eighteenth Amendment is null and void will probably not be sustained by the Supreme Court. But anyhow he chose a nice state for it.

•

A bright and cheery manufacturer speaks of his workmen as "out on furlough." The boys, in other words, are merely absent with leave.

•

Baseball clubs have begun to announce the dates of their departures for the South. This is the sort of thing that keeps hope alive in the human breast, though it is nothing to let the furnace fire go out over.

•

The Capone nuptials have united two fairly noble Chicago houses, and after this we shall take no nonsense from our British cousins. We feel that our beerage is just as costly and snooty as theirs.

•

The Senate peevishly asks what Colonel Woods is doing to find employment for idle hands. He is doing the best he can, but our own choice for the position would have been Satan.

•

"There is no hitching post in the universe as far as we know," says Einstein. We were sure he would clear everything up nicely when he came.

•

Thus a *Herald Tribune* headline: "MEXICAN SEIZED ON SUSPICION OF MAKING MONEY." His best friend should have told him that it is not being done this year.—HOWARD BRUBAKER

•

## ECLECTIC

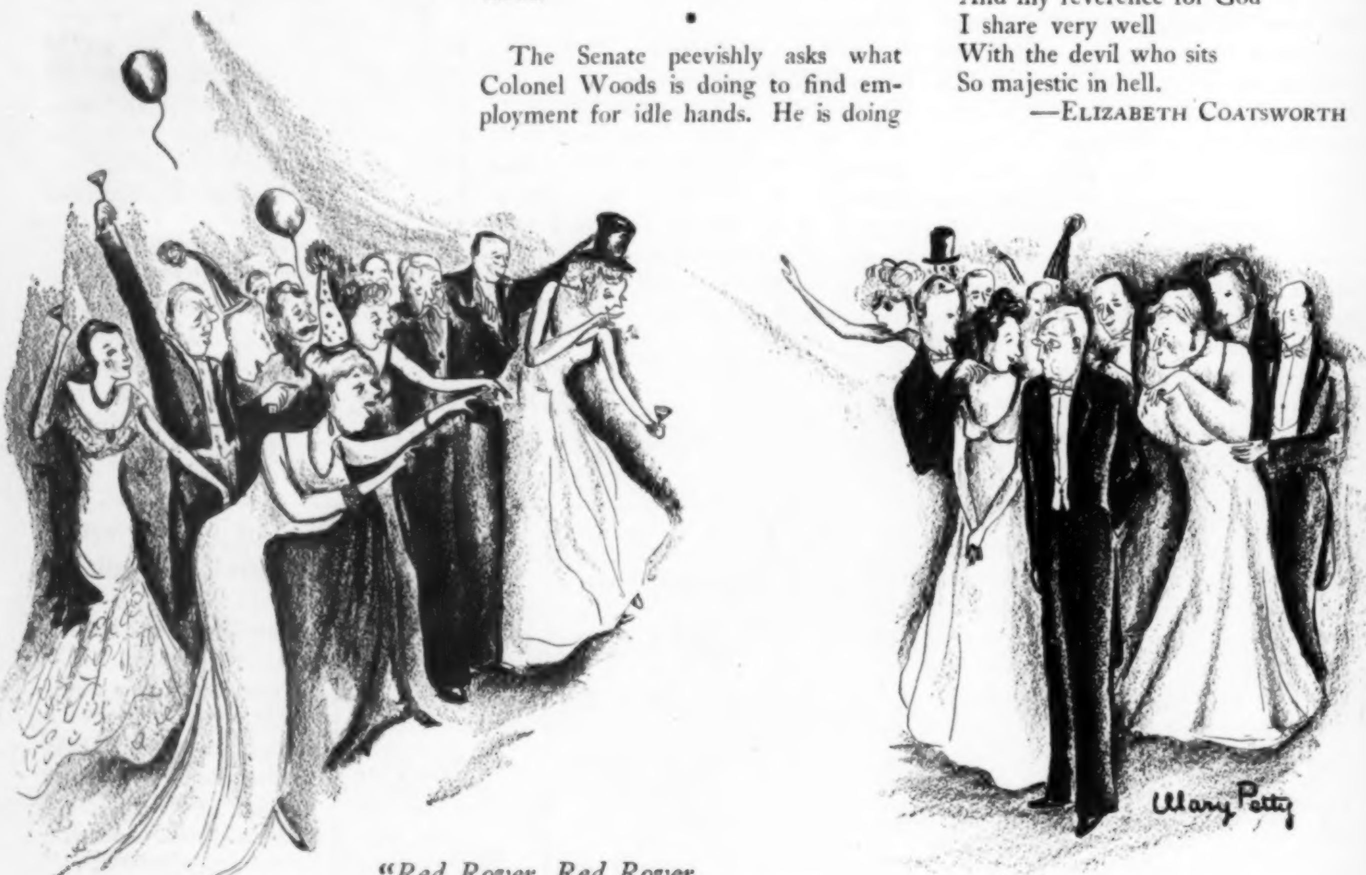
My likings are broad
And my hatreds are narrow:
I admire a swan
And am charmed by a sparrow;

The sheathed stealth of a leopard,
The grace of a horse,
I add to my joy
In the elephant's force;

A desert, I find,
May equally please
With a meadow that's bordered
By streams and by trees,

And my reverence for God
I share very well
With the devil who sits
So majestic in hell.

—ELIZABETH COATSWORTH



*"Red Rover, Red Rover,
let Professor Sturges come over!"*

# THE THEATRE

## INTERMISSION

ONE Sunday night, a few months ago, while idly thumbing the dials of my radio set, I was surprised and pleased to hear the words "dramatic critics" issuing forth from the air, spoken in tones which were evidently those of a young lady of intelligence and charm. It was the first time that I had ever heard any words over the radio which were even remotely connected with my own existence, and I was, for all practical purposes, agog. On listening further, I discovered that the young lady unfortunately was very cross at dramatic critics, but, as she seemed to have several constructive suggestions to make for the improvement of the present low state of play-reviewing, I continued to listen, although blushing furiously.

There was one suggestion made by the young lady which impressed me as being particularly sound. It was that dramatic reviews be limited to about fifty words and that they deal with only three items: (1) who was in the play, (2) what it was about, and (3) how it was received. Beyond this the reviewer had no right, even granting him the equipment, to go. To me it sounded like an excellent idea, I being more the lethargic type and not inclined to write any more than is absolutely necessary.

At the conclusion of the philippic, it was announced that we had been listening to Miss Helen Hayes, then playing in "Mr. Gilhooley." As Miss Hayes has now opened in another play, I am fortunately able to combine a compliance with her whim with a short seasonable holiday from writing. It is going to be a little difficult to get all that Miss Hayes allows into fifty words, but I will do my best:

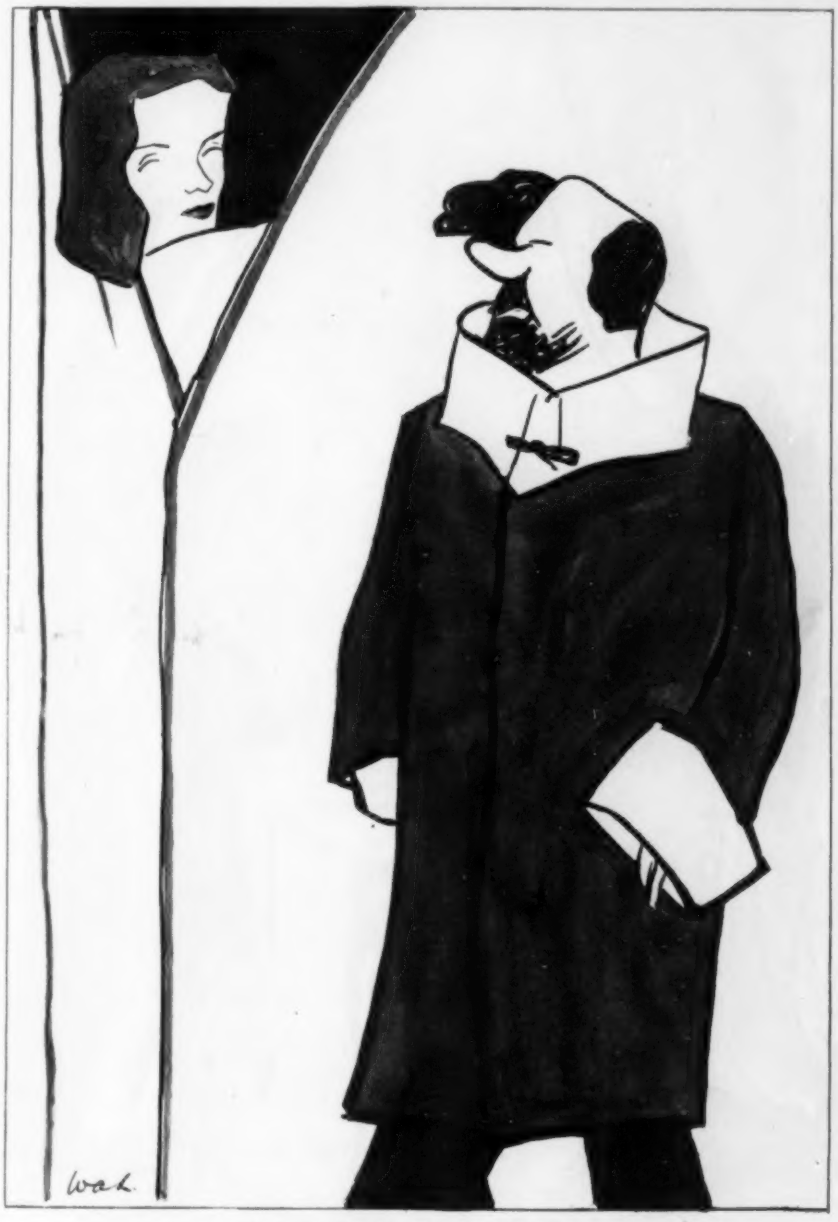
"Petticoat Influence," under the direction of Gilbert Miller, opened at the Empire Theatre on December 15. The story, written by Neil Grant, deals with a young English matron who helps her husband to get his appointment as governor of an island in the Pacific by threatening nicely to blackmail the wife of a Cabinet minister and by exerting her charms on the Cabinet minister himself to such an extent that he takes the appointment away from his wife's uncle, to whom he had already given it, and presents it to the young husband.

In addition to Miss Hayes, the cast includes Henry Stephenson, Reginald Owen, John Williams, Valerie Taylor, and Eric Cowley.

The play was pleasantly received.

(I am sorry to have used more than twice the number of words allotted by Miss Hayes, but I don't see how it could have been avoided.)

MISS HAYES *would* pick a week for her opening in which there was absolutely nothing else to write about,



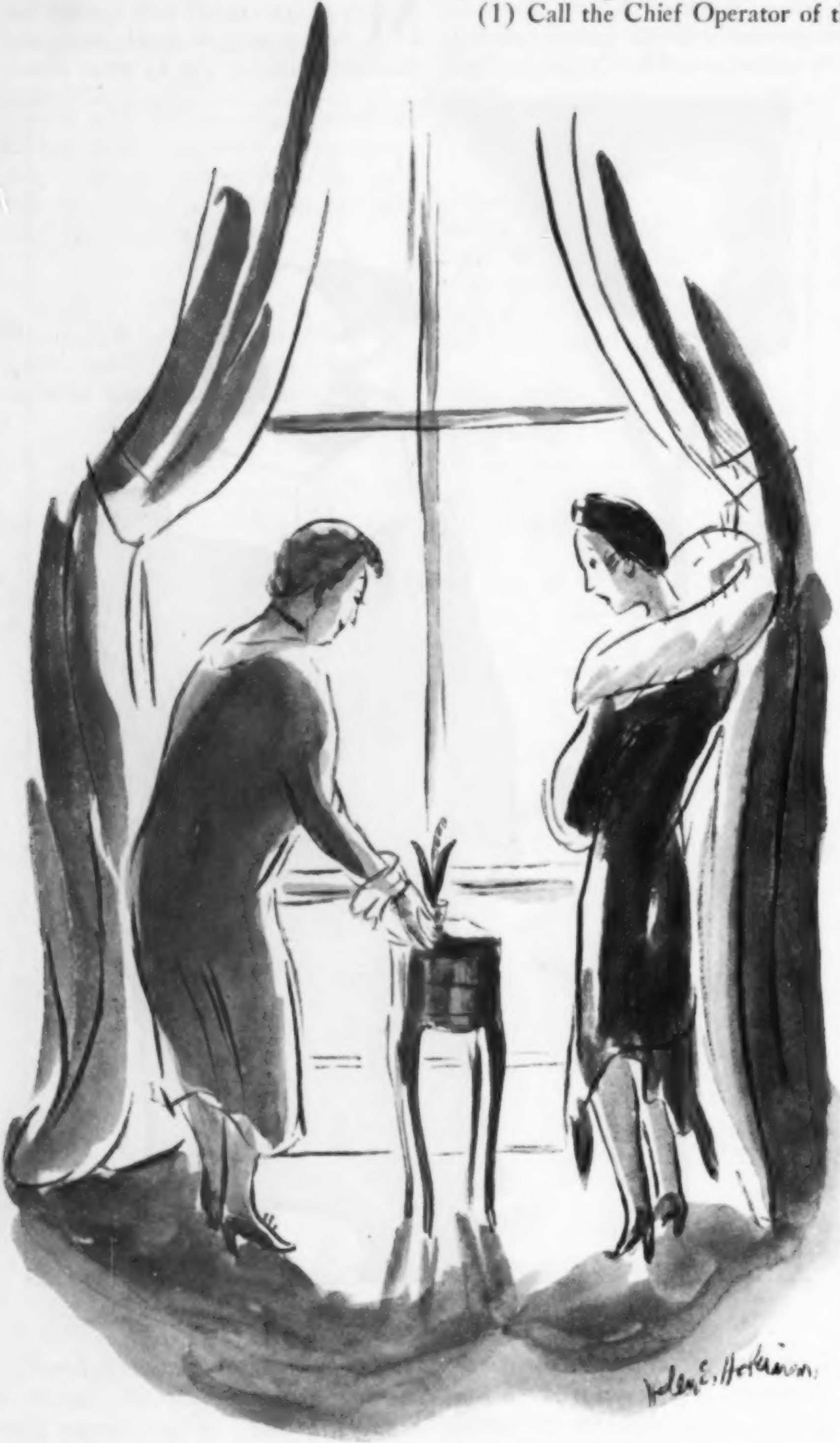
"THE BLUE ANGEL"

*The best picture in town these days is at the Rialto, where Emil Jannings is driven from his schoolroom into a vaudeville act in which people break eggs on his head. The lady in the corner is Marlene Dietrich, who brings him to it and could probably do the same thing to you.*

thereby putting me in quite a tough spot. "Petticoat Influence" was the sole première of last week. However, we must comply with the lady's wishes at all costs, even if the rest of this page has to be given over to a discussion of the several moot questions which have been upsetting the theatrical world for the past six weeks. I have done my best to keep away from these subjects, even going so far as to refrain scrupulously from reading a word about them in the newspapers, but I see no other way now but to issue a pronunciamento. The fact that I know nothing about them need not necessarily disqualify me.

In the matter of the sale of theatre tickets I have held myself aloof from absorbing information not so much out of perversity as an inability to keep up with the new schemes as they are announced. As I understand it now, the public can buy good seats for any show in town at a reasonable price by one of the following methods:

(1) Call the Chief Operator of the New York Telephone Company and say, speaking directly into the mouthpiece: "I want two seats for (name of play)." Then shut your eyes and, in a flash, you will find yourself in at least one of the seats.



*"Yes, but wherever do you find time to water it?"*

(2) Cable to the Paris office of the Postal Telegraph Company, using the following code message: "Tooseatsfor (name of play)." Paris will then get in touch with the League offices in Geneva, where your application will be submitted at the next meeting of the Sub-Committee on Orchestra Seats.

(3) Use one of the Western Union holiday forms for Christmas applications, such as: "It is my sincere wish that you and your box office be happy enough to set aside two in the fifth row during this glad Yuletide," or "The season's greetings to you and yours and how about a couple on the aisle for Wednesday night." Send this to the management of the play you wish to see and wait for a reply.

(4) Walk up and down Broadway until you find a ticket agency which has a gold and blue shield pasted on the window. This is a Guelph agency and does not handle tickets for the show you want to see. The Ghibelline agencies are marked with red and silver shields and they don't handle your tickets either. So stop walking up and down Broadway.

(5) Go to the box office and give the man behind the glass a good laugh.

(6) Call up the same old agency you have always called up, get the two seats you have always got, and pay the same extra smackers you have always paid.

THIS information is given to readers of this department without any assurance that they will be able to get tickets even then. Next week we will take up the subject of Stage Censorship, about which we know nothing also.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

## PLASTIC

Our fathers' ways were quaint and queer:
Before their pseudo-Gothic mansions
They'd plant the static iron deer.
We have progressed to human stanchions—
Before apartments pseudo-Norman
We plant the decorative doorman.
Phidias! Rogers! time has gulped your
Efforts! Behold the new in sculpture!

—JEROME BARRY

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## JOHN

THE first day John came to clean my room (I work a lot at home), he was emptying my wastepaper-basket, and he looked up rather coyly and said "Mist' O'Ha'a, we have the same name." His eyes gleamed in a most friendly fashion.

"Is that so? Do you spell it with one 'r' or two?" (There are some in Georgia, I'm told.)

John looked puzzled. Then he brightened again. "Oh, no, I mean John. My name's John too." We had a good smile about that.

John became more friendly as he grew in experience with his job. Sometimes in the morning he would be at the switchboard downstairs when a call would come for me. I might not see him until late afternoon, but he'd remember. He'd say: "Get that call all right this morning, Mist' O'Ha'a? Guess it was O.K., wasn't it?" I'd say it was fine, or O.K., and John would glow. If anyone else was present John would look at him, mutely saying "See?" Then he would look back at me and smile again, and I'd again say "O.K."

ANOTHER time I returned unexpectedly to my room and came upon him using my typewriter. He had written:

"QWERqwer2345*¢ . . - - - -* john JOHN"

He wasn't embarrassed, because the day before I had given him two tattered suits for his brother, who he said was as big as I am. So I showed him how to be consistent about the shift key. He went about making the bed then, but while I was reading I knew something was on his mind. He would stop every few seconds and look up, but I pretended not to see him. Finally he said "Mist' O'Ha'a, would you do sumpn f' me?"

I asked him what.

"Well," he said, drawing it out long enough to give him time to get the paper he had been typing on, "would you mind writing this out on your typewriter: 'Dear Mrs. Awl: It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be writing this to you'?"

"Wait a little while and I'll write a whole letter for you," I said.

"Oh no, suh," he said. "I didn't mean *'at*. Just t'at much. And 'Columbia, So'th Ca'lina,' comin' right after 'Mrs. Awl.' "

So when I finished reading I took my place on the outer edge of John's intrigue.

—JOHN O'HARA

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *The French Take Their Turn*

NOW the merry, laughter-loving French have come forth and presented us with a movie, and a very pleasant little gift it is. It's at the Little Carnegie and is called "Sous les Toits de Paris." The fact that it is in French doesn't have to disconcert you, because you can get the idea easily, so well is the talkie technique handled and so deftly is the pantomime made eloquent, the dialogue subordinated, as it should be always, to the gesture and the action, and a bit of music woven into it to please the ear. You can explain also that the lines are in argot and that your French happens to be a peculiarly pure, seventeenth-century brand, of an accent to gratify Racine but hardly adapted to the small-talk of the Rue de Lappe.

There is a certain suggestion in the general handling—especially of the musical part—of "Zwei Herzen," that German picture which is making a career for the Fifty-fifth Street alcove. I don't mean to minimize, however, the French character of the film. I never happen to have seen a movie that seemed to get that quality of Parisian streets and bars and dancing places so explicitly and agreeably as has "Sous les Toits." A light, easy-going story tells about a young boy, a vendor of music, and his little romance and the troubles his business and his love get him into. For once the French have raked up an actor who is not one of those languorous, dyspeptic, high-heeled types their stage seems to foster, but is a young man of spirit and a good deal of vitality. He sings pleasantly enough, also, and all the street scenes, with the choruses of passersby, are agreeable. There are scraps along the fortifications, night scenes of the cobblestone pavements, attic rooms, and satisfactory romantic glimpses of the chimney-pots and roofs of Paris. It is very French—not tourist French—and very trim and neat entertainment.

"SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS" may be French, but nothing could be much more American than "Tom Sawyer." A pretty good job has been done with the book, especially considering the cruel restriction under which the movies work when using children on the sets. The laws require the little ones, you know, to go to school, and there are all sorts of regulations about babies and the length of time the infants can work. I haven't the exact figures beside me, but I know that they are definite. Babies under one, I believe, can devote only about one hour a day to their careers, which seems very hard on movie parents and of course cuts down their offsprings' earning capacity considerably. Babies under one are not involved in "Tom Sawyer," to be sure, but these young people suffer from such rigorous treatment, I hear. The abused things have to have so much exercise and fresh air, and even go to school. In spite of these drawbacks they do well. All the schoolroom scenes and the general group scenes are funny and real.

The outline follows the book closely. There are the celebrated episodes of whitewashing the fence, the three-day disappearance on the island down the river, the funeral, the graveyard scene, and finally the cave episode. Jackie Coogan, that Coquelin of the kindergarten, is perhaps not as tough a Tom as we generally fancy, but he is terrified or tricky or tender with ability when the story requires him to be. Junior Durkin is a worthy Huck, and Mitzi Green is the slyest miss in pantalettes who ever exchanged chewing gum with an admirer. I think the young people will like it and the adults also, but I think somehow it might have been a little better than it is; for which I don't in the least blame the children. I guess I blame Mark Twain for having written such a great book that the movie people can't quite put it across. With the amazing talent children have, the picture could have had a vitality and spirit this one lacks. I am not by any means complaining because persons under ten may work only a limited number of hours a day.

THE pictures for us old people especially will serve largely to make us feel even older than we are, I fear. Ronald Colman's "The Devil to Pay," at the Gaiety, is an English high-life, drawing-room, my-lord-and-lady comedy; a Lonsdale bit, in other words. I have a suspicion that Mr. Lonsdale had this script hanging around the place in an old trunk and that he thought

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he would just doctor it up here and there and put it over on the film people. All the stock characters are there: The ne'er-do-well but fascinating young man who comes home to London after having made a fizzle of his career in Africa and at once falls in love with his sister's best friend; his father, the irate old gentleman with the heart of gold who relents at the proper moments and hands over a few hundred pounds to his adored son; and the beloved lady, an heiress who throws over a grand duke for the scapegrace. Some refined laughs are bestirred, especially in the balcony, when Mr. Colman grows waggish, but otherwise the story seems hackneyed and very awkwardly handled.

"Passion Flower," also for adults, I should surmise, is one of those problem or confession stories. One of those "Shall I marry my chauffeur?" questionnaires. The most delightful acting in this is done by children, but the baby under one had to be out of its cradle only a few moments during rehearsals. The piece is from a novel by Kathleen Norris, and involves Kay Francis as a siren type, Kay Johnson as the wife, and Charles Bickford as, I suppose, the "passion flower." Or perhaps Miss Francis is that *flos.* It can't be ZaSu Pitts as the philosophical bystander. "The Middle Watch" is for all ages—or for no age at all. It's farce about two ladies on an English battleship, broad but respectable in treatment, and it led me to no more sinister reflection than that the comic element in snoring is even funnier to English producers than it is to American. —J. C. M.

•

Secondly, if we are never directly in contact with substance but only with a rational experience in which there is never any real time (though the essences are considered "Symbols" of, or "Indexes" to, the substance beyond them), where are we to discover "animal faith" itself, the irrational belief in an irrational matter? *—From a book review in the Times.*

Have you looked in Mother's workbasket?

•

Some Lion accused Lee Baker, who is a Kiwanian, of being present merely to get the "dope" on the Lion's volleyball team. This accusation was absolutely false. Lee was present at the request of Major Bogert as an emergency speaker. He did not have to perform, but was there ready for any emergency.*—Yonkers Statesman.*

With his mouth half open, no doubt.

TUESDAY—the day when Fritz Heidenbraunsteingebrusht, Vorsitzender Rath der Münchner Pretzelbiegeren Gesellschaft (Chairman of the Munich Pretzel Benders Association) will unveil, in the Hall of the Association, a bust of Gordius, King of

It's Tuesday.

Phrygia, who tied the knot that is to this day the inspiration of the pretzel benders art. Tuesday is also the day when it is worth bending over backwards to avoid missing The Premier Chef and his Premier Salad Dressers, when they unravel a string of musical numbers over WABC at 8:45 p.m.

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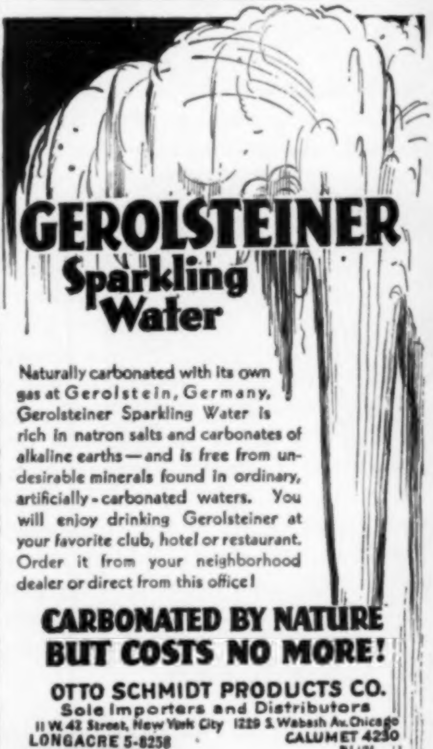

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# INDOOR POLO

### *Lieutenant Jones and the Optimists—The Eight in the League—From the College Circuit—Date*

NOW that the indoor-polo season has fairly begun, we may safely pocket our doubts about the future of Mr. Winston Guest's Optimists—for this year at least. Last winter this team was the best in the country. It was expected to continue to be the best in 1931, until it became known that Lieutenant McDonald Jones, who did as much as Guest himself to make the Optimists supreme, would ally himself with Governors Island in the future.

Now, however, the Optimists have played their opening matches and won the first two at a hand-gallop. Their new man is Tommy Bancroft, who learned the game at Princeton. While not comparable to Jones, he is a good back, and the forwards are better equipped than ever to take care of the scoring. Michael Phipps plays at No. 1; Winston Guest, at No. 2.

Last year a number of people with distinctly definite opinions on the subject claimed that Jones, rated at 9 goals, was just as good as Guest, handicapped at 10. Possibly better. But only when Jones leads a not too strong Governors Island side against first-class opposition will they be able to settle this question. For while the Optimists could show any amount of individual brilliance, it was superb team-play that enabled them to go through the past season undefeated.

EIGHT teams make up the Metropolitan League this year: the New York Riding Club, which will probably have a regular side of Bob Law and the Messrs. Earl Hopping, father and son; the Brooklyn Riding & Driving Club, which should line up with Warren Sackman, Gerry Smith, and Carl Pflug (although Bill Nichols of P. M. C. may play back, as Pflug is having trouble getting ponies); Squadron A, which will have T. B. Glynn, G. T. Phillips, and Fred Vietor—to say nothing of Johnny Wise and G. M. Coxe; Squadron C, which will put on Lieutenants J. P. Wallace, Milton

*"Sail for Paris immediately"*

The export sales counsel for a large automobile concern was suddenly called away on a five-months trip to Europe. He was newly appointed to the position. He had scant time to arrange his affairs.

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Kornblum, and W. W. Brachtel; Pennsylvania Military College, which still has Harry Tietel and Jack Pickering of last year's team; and Governors Island, the Optimists, and Fort Hamilton, which boasts of Lieutenant Homer A. Kiefer, who played in the Argentine this fall with Jones.

These are League teams. Naturally many others of lesser importance will play in the city this winter: the West Point Officers, for instance, the Peter Pans, and the minor teams of the clubs already mentioned.

COLLEGE polo will have its place on the schedule, with Yale the favorite, although Princeton returns to the game with two of its former champions: Leonard Firestone and his brother, Raymond. I saw Princeton win the Louis B. Rule Tournament at Westfield, New Jersey, recently, and the impression they made was more than favorable. The Firestone boys, magnificently mounted, showed dash, nerve, and accuracy.

Yale has Cokey Rathborne at back, Stewart Iglehart, and Jimmie Mills, three members of the Old Aiken side, one of the most celebrated teams in the country. In 1929 they won the Junior Championship outdoors. Last summer they failed to do so well, largely because they played too much polo and went stale.

Polo at Harvard is nursed along with a pulmotor. They play outdoor polo in the spring at Myopia, and other clubs, but under difficulties. At present they are using Boston's Commonwealth Armory. Elbridge Gerry remains on the team and the younger brother of the famous Tim Clarke may become a member. Otherwise, there are no players of importance. Cornell should enter the championships at the end of the season, as should the University of Pennsylvania and, possibly, Ohio State University.

THERE are two League games on December 27: Squadron A meets Governors Island at the Squadron A Armory, in New York, and the New York Riding Club faces Fort Hamilton in Brooklyn, at the Squadron C (formerly the 101st Cavalry) Armory, Nostrand Avenue and Dean Street.

—BRIDLE-WISE

•

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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## UNDERGROUND

ON March 14, 1925, John F. Hylan, then being Mayor of New York, seized a clean new shovel, rammed it sturdily into the ground at the corner of St. Nicholas Avenue and 124th Street, and turned over a pound or two of gravelly soil. By this gesture, the construction of the new Eighth Avenue subway was officially begun. That, as things go in New York, was a long time ago. Slowly, the subway made its way down Central Park West, uprooting pavements, smashing apartment-house windows as the great charges of dynamite exploded. Eighth Avenue took on a frontier look: the pavement a welter of mud and planking, hard-looking men in caked overalls occupying the sidewalks, here and there at a street corner a great hole down which, leaning over the wooden fencing, you could look as into a mine-shaft foreshortened, see the miners working night and day in the white glare of floodlights, see the rock walls glistening with underground water-trickles, hear the machine-gun rattle of air drills.

Then a fresh asphalt pavement slid smoothly back into place over the excavations. Traffic flowed again. Chain stores, getting good locations early, glittered at strategic corners. Eighth Avenue suddenly looked dressed up. Downtown, of course, the subway still goes boring on, its path as unpredictable as that of a mole in a garden patch, and marked by something of a mole's surface destructiveness. Houston Street heaves up and settles again. A jagged crack appears in the bank of tenements below West Third Street. Travellers downtown on the elevated are pretty much amazed to see an odd corner of West Broadway suddenly sheared off, as if an earthquake had disrupted it. At the other end of the city, repaving of the Grand Concourse is now well under way, but motorists out toward Westchester will remember the days last summer when they lost themselves in a maze of detours and excavations, and learned to their surprise that this, too, was the subway's doing.

*"Will you keep an eye on the tapioca while I'm gone, dear?"*

IF you look at the map of the system, you are likely to feel something of the confusion one has on studying an astronomical guide. It looks, one might say, rather like the constellation of Perseus diagrammed on a star chart, and seems just about as inexplicable. There is, however, a reason for its twisting and turning, as the engineers will tell you. It's all an outcome of the odd fact that New York, so long a rectilinear city, is now, with the development of Brooklyn and Queens, rapidly becoming circular. The queer forkings of the subway systems—this new one as well as the old—are therefore an attempt to get some kind of radial movement around a rectangular hub, Manhattan. The Eighth Avenue line, then, has its core in a rough ellipse: down Eighth Avenue, over to Fulton Street, across under the East River, north through lower Brooklyn, Long Island City, and back under the river again along Fifty-third Street to Eighth Avenue. The rest is a series of tangents—one going north out Morningside Heights, one going east into Queens, two more striking east and southeast through Brooklyn. Trains, of course, will be going every which way over this diagram; and if, as seems inevitable, a parallel line is built along Sixth Avenue, and an agreement is arrived at to combine with the B.M.T., with which the new system connects at several points, the traveller underground is likely to be faced with something pretty bewildering in the way of a maze.

You get an idea of its complexity, and of its immensity as well, by a visit to the workings, underground. The whole system is almost completed now, fifty-seven miles of it—tunnels lined, tracks laid. Some eight to ten million

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ASK THE MAN
WHO OWNS ONE

cubic yards of rock and soil have been excavated, about half of which was used to build ninety-five acres of new shoreland along Riverside Drive whose taxable value would be around twenty-five million dollars; the rest was distributed variously at Riker's Island, Jerome Park in the Bronx, the Marine Park at Coney Island, all to create new acreage for the city. At present, the workmen are mainly occupied in finishing up—installing equipment, surfacing station walls—and the few that are left of the thirteen thousand men once on the job seem lost in the tremendous network.

You get some idea also of the strength of foundation this ponderous city demands. At the corner of Fifty-third Street and Seventh Avenue, for instance, is a small wooden bulkhead in the sidewalk, opening on a ladder, leading down. You descend with a city engineer for guide, both armed with flashlights. As yet, the power has not been connected with the incandescent globes which will light the system. Floodlights, drawing Edison current, are plugged in wherever workmen are still busy; otherwise, the whole subway lies in cavernous darkness. In no other respect, however, is it like a cavern. The bare soil never shows—never, even, the solid rock. Everything must be ribbed with steel, stayed with concrete. Fifty-third Street now has hardly a house over five stories, but no one can say that it won't some day be lined with skyscrapers. For every yard of rock dug out, its equivalent in strength must be built into the walls, to provide for future pressures.

YOU walk down the tunnel. All dark, all quiet: only your flashlight, squirting an accordion-pleat arrangement of shadow among the interminable steel pillars, the mathematical groinings in the concrete walls. There were problems all along here. For one thing, under Fifty-third from Eighth to Sixth Avenues, the tunnelling was done directly under the Sixth Avenue "L," crossing to Ninth, and all the elevated pillars had to be car-

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ried down through the tunnel supports, while trains above were in operation. Also, to keep within the limits of the narrow street, double tunnels had to be built, carrying east and west-bound trains on separate levels, one above the other. This, and especially the interweaving of the two levels to join the main line at Eighth Avenue, was a matter of intricate planning, which is even now being discussed in engineering journals.

More, there were difficulties in the digging itself. In general, the geology of Manhattan is pretty well known. So much digging has gone on everywhere that engineers can tell exactly what is underneath almost every foot you step on. But Fifty-third Street, unfortunately, was new territory. Preliminary borings were taken, of course, but in spite of them, everywhere along the way, faults in the rock were encountered—weak teeth, so to speak, in the tunnel's jaws. Cavities of rotten rock had to be dug out, and the spaces filled and capped with tons of concrete. You still hear water trickling here and there as you walk, see the damp discoloration on the roofs—seepage along the rock-faults. It isn't dangerous; in fact, all sign of it will disappear when trains begin operation, evaporated in the wind of their passing. Anyway, there's water always around. The engineer reaches down and pulls up an iron lid between the ties: through the vent thus revealed you see a torrent of water sparkling under your flashlight, and you learn what you might have known if you'd ever thought about it: that a subway has to have its own sewage and drainage system, which it empties only by pumping upward, to the level of the city mains.

OCCASIONALLY an explosive clamor grows behind you as you walk. A headlight climbs up the tunnel. You jump for a safety niche in the wall, and a train of dump cars, slopping with concrete, goes roaring past, drawn by a contrivance which looks like, and more or less is, the engine and driver's seat of a Mack truck mounted on car-wheels.

Everything is concrete. You visit the station at Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue, which when completed will be the biggest subway station in the world, with a capacity of some six hundred trains an hour. It is built on three levels—the topmost a mezzanine, stretching from Fortieth to Forty-fourth, or almost a quarter-mile long, the second the main-line level, and the

French frolic
NEW YEAR'S EVE
*in old*
QUEBEC

PARTIES... parties everywhere in the romantic old stone hill-city of Québec on New Year's Eve. Lights in the windows. Bells in the basilica. Sleighs jingling from party to party with pretty girls. The great cosy warm Chateau, spicy with holly and pine, ringing with waltzes, echoing to laughter. The *Jour de l'An* ball in full career ...the great winter fête of French Canada at the centre of French-Canadian social life in the New World.

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'TWAS EVER THUS

ON several Saturday afternoons last Spring we saw a nice-looking young couple Tea Dancing in our Grill Room to Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Also Dinner Dancing quite regularly on week-day evenings. The girl had lovely long white fingers—not a ring on any of them. Supper Dancing after the theatre one night, our couple looked awfully happy about something. They didn't come back all Summer. But a week ago we discovered them in the elevator, bound for breakfast in our Colonial Room. She said how nice their room was. He looked at the rings on her lovely fingers. Then she said: "Darling, after breakfast let's just look at the Teddy Bear Cave on the top floor where the children play!"

The ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET
EDWARD CLINTON FOGG, *Managing Director*
UNITED

lowest for tunnel trains to Queens. The mezzanine is split down the middle by a high iron fence, on one side of which will be the stairways down to the trains, on the other a public passageway, with space for stores, as on the street above. The station is planned to handle ninety thousand persons an hour, and a year from now, probably, they will all be there, jostling and hurrying. But now you climb up and down ladders from one level to another, and your impression is that of a sunk ship, silted deep in a bed of concrete. The main-line platforms increase the impression. They lie stem to stern—"staggered," the engineers say—pointed at either end like submarines. Together, they are over twelve hundred feet long—so long, in fact, that they come within about three blocks of touching the next station platforms, which led one engineer to suggest that all the platforms be joined into a kind of continuous sidewalk along the tracks—an underground instead of an overhead way, in short, of arriving at the double-decked thoroughfare. You prowl about there in the darkness, pointing your flashlight into dark little chambers, oddly shaped glass cubicles—pump-rooms, paint lockers, signal towers—feeling like a diver, exploring a wreck.

COMING up to the street again, you are likely to remember one moment particularly. That was when, coming back along the Fifty-third Street tunnel, you followed down a fork in the track a little way, and suddenly the tunnel ended—track, ties, concrete walls, all sheared off sharp—against the flat face of the rock. That, the engineer explains, is where the Sixth Avenue subway will some day come in. But you stare at the rock wall in a kind of surprise. A chain of ladders, such as you might find going up a stope in a mine, still hangs to the rock. After all the miles of tunnel, surfaced and smoothed with steel and concrete to an almost inhuman precision of line, this one corner has the curious pathetic appeal of all work left unfinished, with the print of human effort still upon it.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

A dispatch from Moorehead, Minn., said Red River Valley farmers will love heavily because of potatoes damaged by freezing in the fields.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Man turns to woman in his dark hour.

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# PARIS LETTER

PARIS, DEC. 17

AS far as this winter's theatrical season is concerned, the new year can't come any too soon. It should really have arrived some time last September to do the Boulevards much good. Their anemia has not been helped by hits of adenoidal intelligence, or (as it should have been) by the presence of four different works by the lively Jules Romains. There have been too many revivals; often of good plays, but with situations all too familiar to everyone.

THE circuses have aroused far more enthusiasm, cash, and pleasure. At the Médrano, Rastelli, a hitherto unknown Italian juggler, came for a week and remained for a month, to be adored by mobs that had to book seats a week in advance in an amphitheatre where ordinarily the performing elephants could sit in the loges without crowding anyone. On his heels came the Flying Codonas and Lillian Leitzel, affecting Parisians like tanbark Bernhardts. And third, but really first, came Barbette.

In honor of this pretty young Texan (whose real name, we understand, is Mr. Broadway) there assembled at the ringside a *tout Paris* audience such as formerly gave color to the Cigale and *chic* to the Diaghileff Ballet. For his triumphal entry in his first scene (and certainly on the first white carpet and to the first "Schéhérazade" music that the Médrano had ever known) he wore, besides his diaphanous white skirts, fifty pounds of white ostrich plumes. Before and after his fabulous *chute d'ange* fall, which against the blue background of the Médrano took on the mythical quality of a new Phaëthon deserting the sky, his dressing-room was filled with what Lone Stars would term the *crème de la crème*. It only remained for Barbette to call forth from a leading literary journal the comparison: "He is, apparently, like Wagner, of whom it was said, 'He was only himself when dressed as a woman.'"

Well, remember the Alamo.

THE second form of theatrical excitement which the theatres failed to offer was furnished by two new

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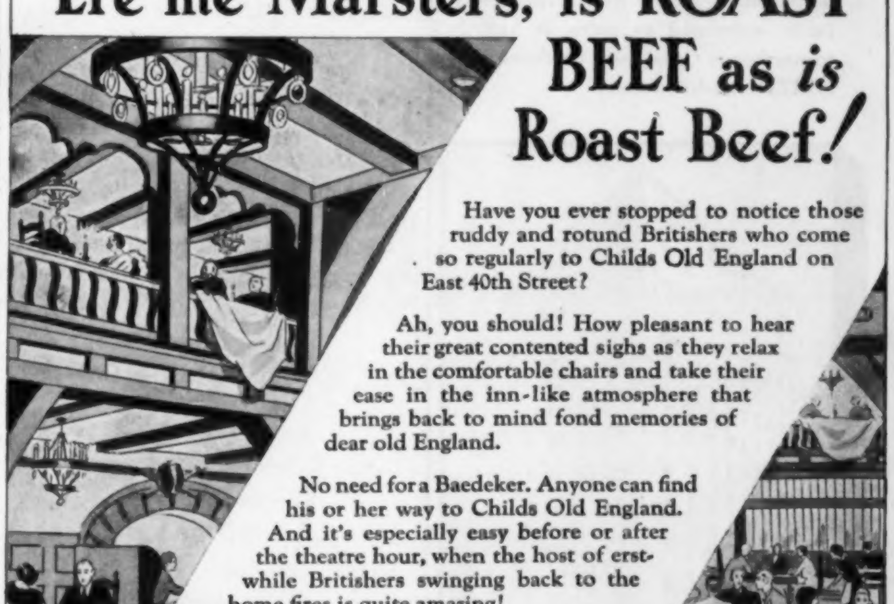
'Ere me Marsters, is ROAST BEEF as *is* Roast Beef!



Have you ever stopped to notice those ruddy and rotund Britishers who come so regularly to Childs Old England on East 40th Street?

Ah, you should! How pleasant to hear their great contented sighs as they relax in the comfortable chairs and take their ease in the inn-like atmosphere that brings back to mind fond memories of dear old England.

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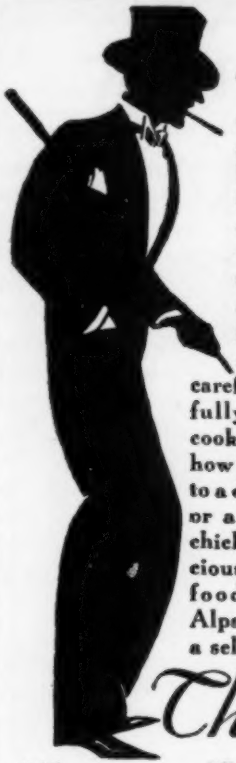
films made under the protection of the Comte de Noailles. One has already resulted in a riot and the other, it is said, in threats of episcopal excommunication.

The first, "L'Âge d'Or," after several false alarms, was given its premier public showing intact at the Studio 28—until the *Action Française* Catholic-Royalist cadets, claiming blasphemy and subversive doctrine, wrecked the house to the tune of one hundred thousand francs' damages. After that the film was cut.

The picture was directed by Luis Bunuel, who last year made "Chien Andalou" for the Surréalistes. According to its eighteen subtitles, it opens with a view of some scorpions at play, passes to the private life of some Majorcan bandits (one acted by Max Ernst, the painter), then on to Rome for an aërial view, and in Paris introduces Lya Lis, the female protagonist, and Gaston Modot, the male protagonist, wigged to resemble the late comic, Max Linder. It shows a cow on a bed; guests at a party, one of whom is she who gets slapped; a hunter (Ortez, the artist) who shoots his little son in connection with an amorous garden scene between the two protagonists, between the woman and a statue, and between the woman and a Wagnerian conductor. After that Modot throws pillow-feathers, a live bishop, a plough, and a burning Christmas tree out of the window.

IN explanation, considering the trouble there had already been, it is perhaps safer to quote from the program's remarkable statement, signed by Breton, Aragon, Tzara, Crevel, and others: "The problem of the bankruptcy of the sentiments, intimately connected with that of capitalism, is not yet solved. In



"Ah! so fresh!" the chef tells the gardener who brings in vegetables. ¶ Even if we raised our vegetables in Central Park, they couldn't be much fresher. ¶ Every morning they are carefully selected, carefully prepared—and cooked just so. ¶ And how becoming they are to a dainty grilled chop or a juicy steak; to a chicken roasted a delicious brown. ¶ That's food—good food—Alps food, with so wide a selection.

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all domains there is now a search for new conventions which will aid in living until that moment of liberation which is still illusionary. Psychoanalysis has created the greatest number of prejudices in this realm because the problem of love rests outside of the manifestations which accompany it. It is the merit of 'L'Âge d'Or' to have shown the unreality and insufficiency of such a conception. Bunuel has formulated an hypothesis on revolution and love. This film will be useful to destroy all those heavens less fine than those it can show us in a mirror."

THE second de Noailles film (entitled "L'Âme d'un Poète," with incidental music by Auric of *Les Six* and a visual theme derived from a recapitulation of Cocteau's various works), though destined for the great public, has so far had only a small, private one. It is said to follow, though with more obvious imaginative processes, the disassociation formula of the Bunuel film; and with perhaps less striking results, since in Paris Cocteau's disassociation is as well known as his association of ideas. Also the riot in this case was not brought about by the *Action Française* but, it is said, by the Princesse de Poix, mother of the Comte de Noailles, and for the same pious reasons. There is in Paris acute dissatisfaction with the quality of the commercial films ordinarily shown; those made by aesthetes seem to fare but little better.

UNEMPLOYMENT is so rare a phenomenon in France that the French mind has to work on the problem to appreciate what lack of work may be. The Wall Street of 1929 has finally affected the Rue de la Paix, the Bourse, and the Boulevards of 1930—not to say 1931. Midinettes, salespeople, factory hands, *dactylos*, are being let off by the hundreds and the thousands. The government, also weakened by high finance, continues to fall, but the French people, most of whom never smelled finance that was really high, stand firm. Hard times may be coming, but they are not yet here. *Eh bien!* Until then, *une Bonne Année!*

—GENÊT

•

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Like the Puritan Fadders used to eat?

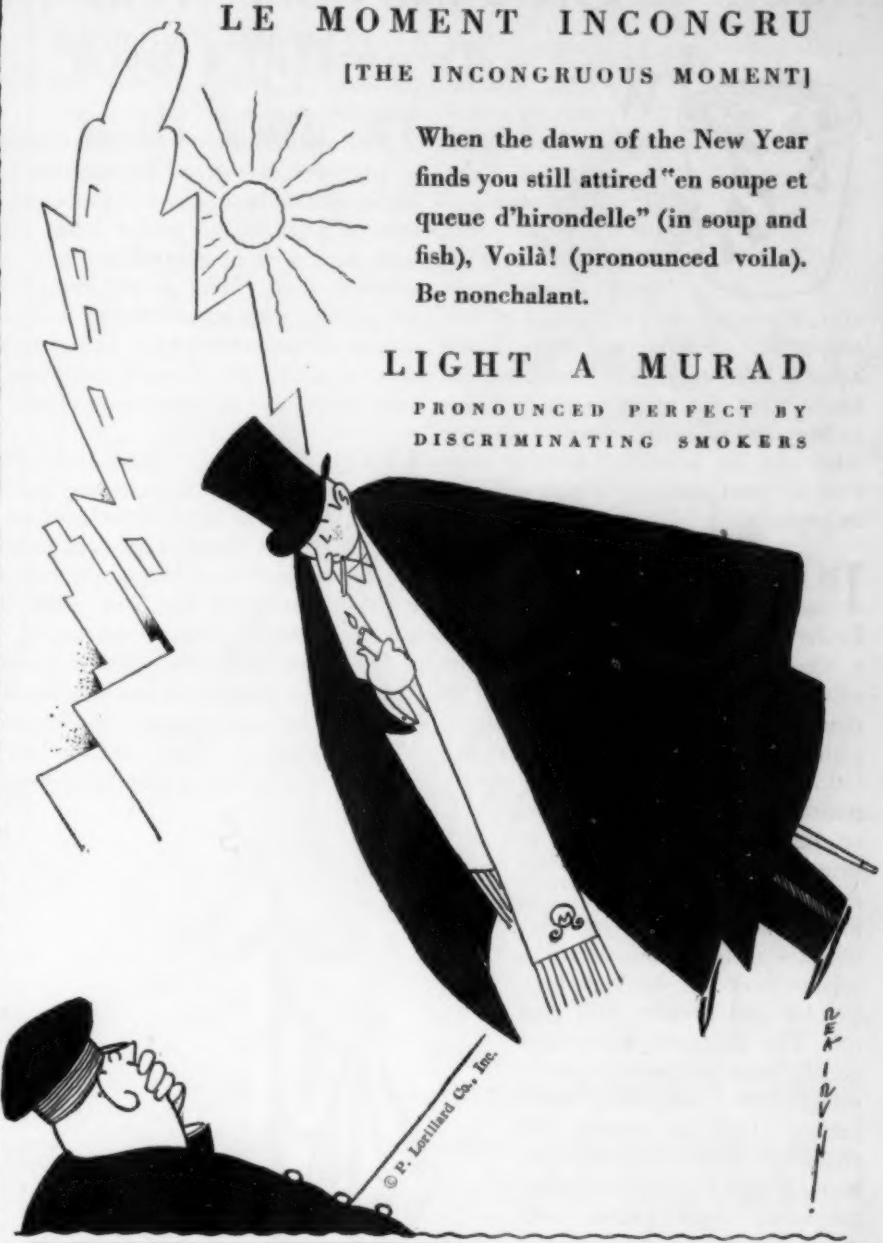
LE MOMENT INCONGRU

[THE INCONGRUOUS MOMENT]

**When the dawn of the New Year finds you still attired "en soupe et queue d'hirondelle" (in soup and fish), Voilà! (pronounced voila). Be nonchalant.**

LIGHT A MURAD

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS



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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

WELL, it seems that the entire city of New York is going to Palm Beach this season as usual. This column is for the likes of them. Even, however, if you are one of the four or five people left behind to man Times Square, you might be interested to know what the smart world is being bullied into wearing, because that is what you, my belle, will have to wear yourself next summer if you want to be anybody.

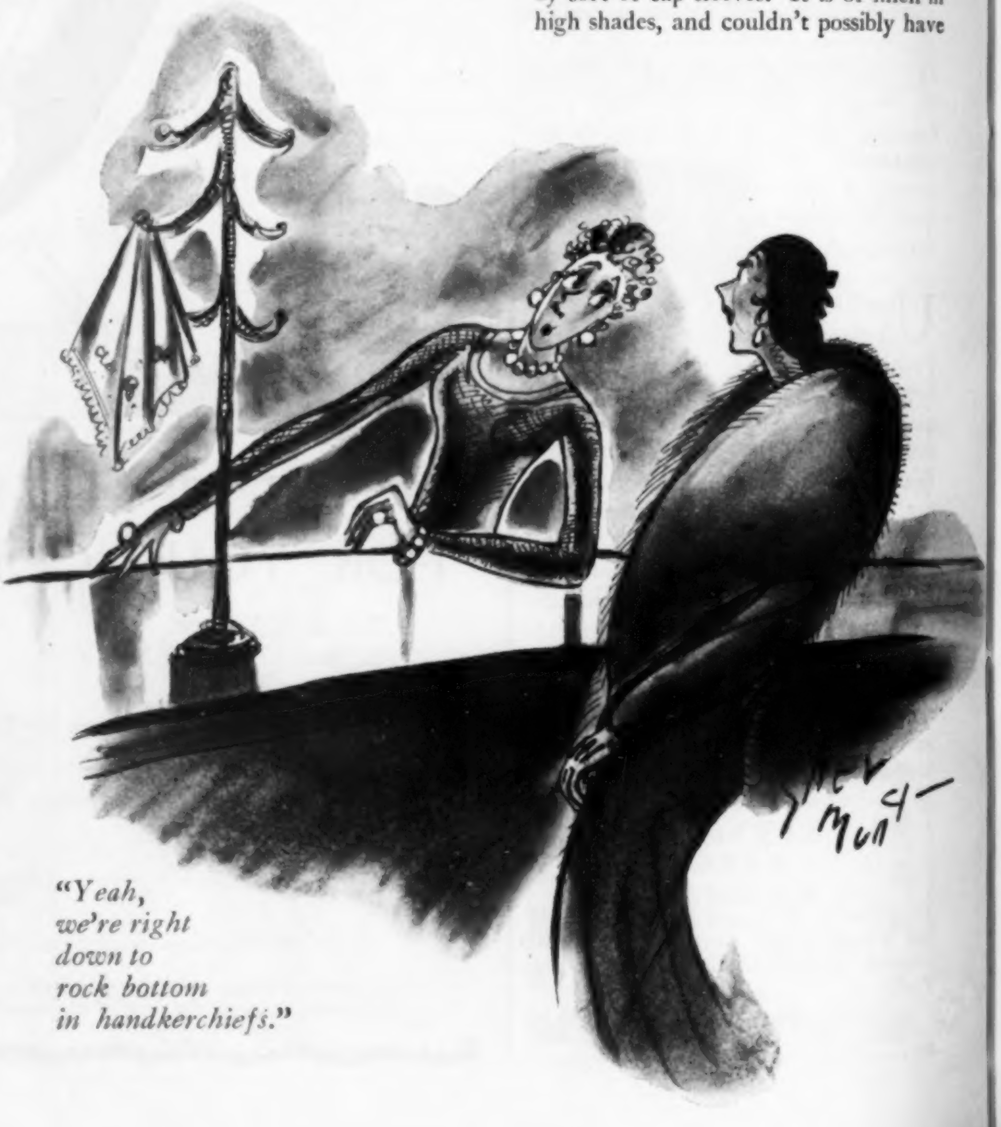
IN the first place, though B. M. has assured us in the "Paris Fashions Letter" that day clothes are being worn a weeny bit shorter over there, the offerings here are the same length as those of six months ago. The lines, in general, are also the same. There are lots and lots of sleeves coming to a point somewhere around the elbow, or just below it—not only in printed afternoon dresses but even for the jackets of suits. The business of the sleeveless dress with the shoulder-line carried to a point over the shoulder, both for day and evening, still goes on. The shades that are most popular may be classed as pastel, though this is not doing them justice. They are pastels with character: blues occurring just between that boy-baby blue and turquoise; apple greens with plenty of yellow in them; and so on. You must have heard by now that they are using lightweight pastel wools for daytime: wools so finely woven that at six paces they look like silk crêpe. Also, lots of very lacy tweeds and disguised knit fabrics are all around. Palm Beach can be chilly.

The cottons still go on and on, too, for sports and such. Eyelet batiste, in prim, dainty patterns and pastel shades, appears for blouses of wool suits or even for entire afternoon dresses, which may look girly-girly or not, as you choose. Eyelet linen, in a bright red coloring, even fashions an evening dress. Linen lace (best in off-white shades) is another idea for dressy afternoons.

The plaid menace that I have been so interested in is grand for accessories, and occasionally is hinted at in the pattern of a fabric, but so far it has not been done well in general, unless in a subdued way. The prints this year are splashy, with massed flower designs in mad colors running riot. In pajamas that are not of the informal beach type, you can get just as insane as you like.

WHEN it comes to bathing things, my impulse is to rush into Saks-Fifth Avenue to learn what goes on. This year that simple one-piece bathing suit with what is laughingly called a "skirt" attached has been done in swell imported fabrics. Some are of a nubbly wool stuff (the white is heavy enough to hold both its and your form together without causing too many shocked gasps). Others are made of a very heavy ribbed English jersey; still others, following a mode that has been sulking in Europe and spurned us until now, of a very substantial mesh-wool stuff. The colors tend to be wintry—funny rust-browns, orange-yellows, hunter greens, and sapphire blues, just to be eccentric.

As for beach pajamas, the simplest and most matter-of-fact ones are still the smartest. There are flannel pants, for instance, gored up to the knees to give that flappy sailor look around the ankles, worn with jersey or shirting tailored tops. Schiaparelli invented some jersey ones for herself, with flaps crossing in front and fastening in back at the waist, so as to be as adjustable as possible. Pastel shantung makes one-piece things modelled after winter evening successes. A newer trend, however, for something to slip over your bathing suit on the way to the shore is a swanky beach dress-coat. This is made on very severe, straight lines, the curse of sleevelessness being removed by sort of cap-sleeves. It is of linen in high shades, and couldn't possibly have



*"Yeah, we're right down to rock bottom in handkerchiefs."*

more whangh. (At Knox.) The problem that I have always considered vital —namely, what to pull on over a damp bathing suit when you climb into a car to go home—has been met this year by very full terry-cloth pants with three-quarter coats to match, thereby achieving absorption, warmth, and beauty in one swoop. (Back at Saks again.) And a new trick with bathing suits is to have a band of ribbing at the waistline, either on one-piece suits or on trunks, that is like the tops on the socks you patriotically knit during the war. Or am I too antique? You can get suits with zippers down to the waist in back for a full sunburn, too, if you don't think tanning is *passé*.

THE evening clothes run to the flat crêpes and crêpes Elizabeth and such; and the ones that I liked best had jackets coming just below the hips to match, very often with short sleeves and sometimes with fluffy fur added at the cuffs. When prints barge in, they are done in a big way on crêpe; and as far as the usual printed filmy things go, mousseline de soie, which has an organdie quality, somehow looks smarter than limp chiffon to this critic. —L. L.

• •

### CARIB FANTASY

I like an island where people meeting
Say "Goodbye!" in cordial greeting,
Where the hollyhock's name is "St.
  Joseph's rod,"
And children refer to the Deity as Papa
  God,
Where neighbor from window calls to
  neighbor
If a goat has strayed or a woman's in
  labor,
And slim brown amorous lizards crawl
In a stylized frieze across the wall.
And I dearly love, above the town,
The Great Dipper spilling, upside
  down.

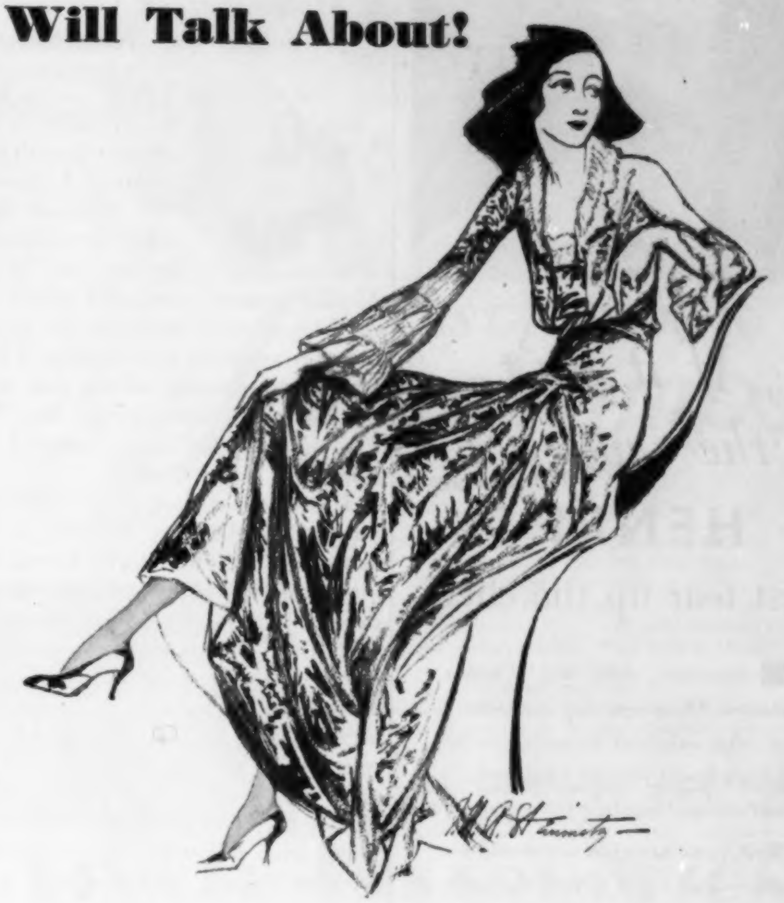
—MUNA LEE

•

Jacqueline Stewart has selected a charming locale for her coming out party —the popular Central Park Casino, set in the heart of New York's famous park. Jacqueline's mother, the Countess de Roussy de Sales, and her stepfather, have arranged to take over the entire Casino for the dinner dance and supper party which they will give on the evening of Dec. 20. With two large lovely bath rooms at their disposal . . . it goes without saying the party will be the outstanding event of the debutante year.—*Detroit News.*

It ought to work out all right.

**Let's Talk About the South and Clothes the South Will Talk About!**



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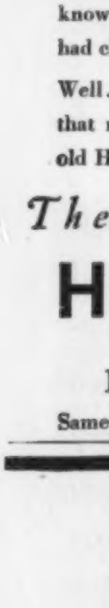

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Molière as an Opera— Novelties and Recitals*

FEW operas have arrived with less advance hurrah than Felice Lattuada's "Le Preziose Ridicole," an adaptation in one act of the Molière comedy, which slid quietly into the Metropolitan repertory and proved to be unexpectedly entertaining. I have seen many operatic efforts that were unexpectedly entertaining, but "Le Preziose Ridicole" was designed for comedy in the first place.

If you are a *savant*, you probably will lament the lack of Molière in the new opera. The libretto, by Arturo Rossato, inevitably eliminates some of your favorite scenes from "Les Précieuses Ridicules." Lattuada's music is not often in the vein of classic comedy, despite the presence of a courante, a sarabande, and a few other antiquarian touches. I mention these matters because they may be important to you; if they are, you might as well stay at home and, following the tradition of Molière himself, read his plays to the cook.

The librettist of the new arrival has used the Molière plot about the highbrow ladies who were put in their places when a couple of rejected suitors sent a pair of servants to woo them in the guise of noblemen. It is a workable idea for opera, and the details are so managed that there are arias and even a good old-fashioned quartet. It may be Molière for opera's sake, but it is effective opera.

As Lattuada has had no previous hearing in town, I cannot stroke a retrospective whisker and tell you that his score is representative of him or otherwise; but it is a nimble assortment of notions, brightly put together, apposite for the action, and orchestrated with somewhat more than average skill. There are plenty of tunes, none of them ponderably individual, but a new opera with tunes is in itself somewhat individual. Modernity, in the Stravinskian sense, is absent; the work might have been composed thirty years ago by Leoncavallo or Giordano in an unwontedly facetious mood.

PERHAPS "Le Preziose Ridicole" loses some of its charm in a large

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house, for the stage direction necessarily must be on broad lines. Granting this debit, you may set down the opera as one of the Metropolitan's better jobs. The scenery of Robert Edmond Jones is a capital background, and Mr. Lert's direction of the comedy is sure-handed. All of the curios that draw laughs from opera audiences are on display, but Mr. Lert does not stop with them. His action has pace and rhythm; and his singers at least give the impression of being actors.

The show belongs to Armand Tokatyan, who has been a capable funny man on other occasions. As a masquerading servant, he projects a perfect view of high life by one who has never been there. He has a difficult burlesque tenor aria and he flings it out with so many deliberate vocal vices that one becomes convinced that he knows how to sing. The aria almost stops the show, being the first instance of a Metropolitan tenor drawing terrific applause for intentionally bad singing.

Miss Bori and Miss Swarthout, as the preciously ridiculous or ridiculously precious young women, are handicapped by unprepossessing wigs, but they catch the note of *Schwärmerei* which is the basis of the action. Mr. Basiola, as Mr. Tokatyan's companion, roars and postures as if he were singing in "La Gioconda," thereby achieving the proper result. Miss Besuner emerges as a smartly *gauche* comédienne, doing a maid somewhat in the Beatrice Lillie manner, and the rest of the cast is in the picture except for the Messrs. Bada and Picco as the disappointed gallants, who are decked out like a duo of seventeenth-century apple-sellers. Mr. Bellezza conducts with his usual consideration for the singers and with plenty of appreciation for the running commentary which the orchestra has to offer.

IN the past weeks, we have had a few orchestra novelties, including Arthur Shepherd's "Horizons," presented

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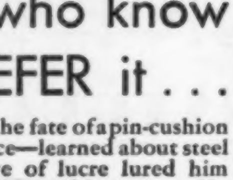

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by the eternally enterprising Mr. Sokoloff with his Cleveland Orchestra. It is a suite in four movements, redolent of the West, with a number of authentic cowboy melodies. Mr. Shepherd knows his orchestra, and in the second section, based on "Oh, bury me not on the lone prairee," he has succeeded notably. The other movements are well made, but they seem to be too long for the materials involved. "Horizons," discounting its tenuousness, was worth hearing, and Mr. Sokoloff's band, which improves while you wait, gave it an expert production. There also was a piece called "Factory," described as music for machines, and that seems to tell the whole story of "Factory."

On his return to the Philharmonic-Symphony, Mr. Toscanini brought with him a series of "Dances of the Marosszék," by Zoltán Kodály, whose "Psalmus Hungaricus" he conducted about a year ago. The dances are good and authentic, and Mr. Toscanini made them "sound," but there isn't likely to be any clamor for their repetition.

DISPOSING of a file of programs, I note that at least passing mention should go to: The National Orchestral Association, which not only gives to its personnel valuable training in the performance of symphonic music but plays it with competence. . . . Jeannette Vreeland, for her voice and diction in her annual song recital. . . . Dino Borgioli, an operatic tenor who sings all over the place but who brings back to the concert platform a bravura style that should entertain plenty of consumers. . . . The English Singers, whose Christmas programs were the finest of musical gifts. . . . Fritz Kreisler, whose concert, unfortunately, was his last for the season. . . . A strikingly good "Siegfried" at the Metropolitan. . . . And the New York Chamber Music Society, at the Plaza, where you may not only hear accomplished playing of interesting items but also participate in a pleasing buffet supper. —R. A. S.

•

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[*From an article in Fortune*]

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# CHRISTMAS IS FOR CHILDREN

Mary Ellen said that her children would probably enjoy seeing "The French Doll Shop" immensely. It would be a fine Christmas present, much better than blocks or books or toys, of which they had plenty anyway. It was very intelligent of me to think of it.

At half-past two on Christmas afternoon, therefore, Michael and Punch and I reached Grand Street and the Neighborhood Playhouse, passed in, and sat down, breathless—to discover that the curtain did not go up till three. With unparalleled foresight I improved the time in collecting a bewildering mass of hats, coats, mufflers, mittens, rubbers, leggings, and two handkerchiefs—just now mysteriously come to light.

The theatre was not yet half full, as Punch observed. Anxious to derail his speculation, whatever it was, I assured him that all seats would be taken within a few minutes.

"I don't think so. Why are we sitting way back here?"

"Because these are our seats," I explained, shuddering involuntarily at the thought of what would follow if I told them that cheaper seats had been bought deliberately because the theatre was so small.

"When does the shade open?"

"The shade open?"

"Yes, when does the shade open?" said Punch crisply, suspecting pedantry.

"Oh, you mean the *curtain*. Right away—any minute now."

To Michael I hastily sketched the order of events. My labored account of the workings backstage seeming to please and quiet him, I turned to include Punch, rightly distrustful of any briefest want of commotion on his part. His seat was empty and, standing up to look round, I failed to see him. Down front, however, an usheress was arguing earnestly with what appeared to be an empty aisle seat in the third or fourth row. As slowly as possible I sauntered down.

"Punch, somebody has this seat."

"No they haven't."

"But someone will want it soon. That's what the usher is talking about."

"There are plenty of other seats down here."

"They're all taken. Besides, you have a perfectly good seat of your own."

"I don't want it."

"Yes, you do. Come along—Michael will think we're lost."

"No, when Mary Ellen takes us to the movies, she always lets me sit down here."

"But this isn't a movie."

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Look, Punch," I said hastily, "the lights are going out, and we simply must be in our seats when the curtain goes up."

Punch came loose from his seat surprisingly easily and in the excitement failed to notice the pressure joyously applied to his arm. Over the gentlemen next to us on the aisle we climbed precipitately to settle down once more in our seats. But the lights grew neither dimmer nor brighter immediately—a cause of grave concern to me and of growing suspicion to both of them. Would it ever start? Why was I sure? Well, it would, I assured them, but they were frankly skeptical. Finally, after minutes more of waiting, they decided definitely that I had been taken in—sold—and we might as well be going. No, I protested, it won't be long now. My credulity at once amused and annoyed them.

At last the shade opened on a Russian Christmas. The strange and beautiful scene deeply moved them, and the entire audience could not help sharing their bursting admiration of the brilliant costumes, the funny little house, the gold star, the funny hats and songs and dances. Michael caught the idea very quickly when I pointedly answered all questions in a whisper. It took Punch rather longer, but soon, dropping into a stage whisper that penetrated the farthest corners, he became very confidential.

"Right now?"

"No," he said, dancing up and down in his seat. A grass fire of giggles spread in widening circles.

With a flourish the Russian Christmas ended—all too quickly—and the lights came on. Was there more? Yes, and they'd like "The Doll Shop" even better, I ventured.

"Are you coming, Punch?"

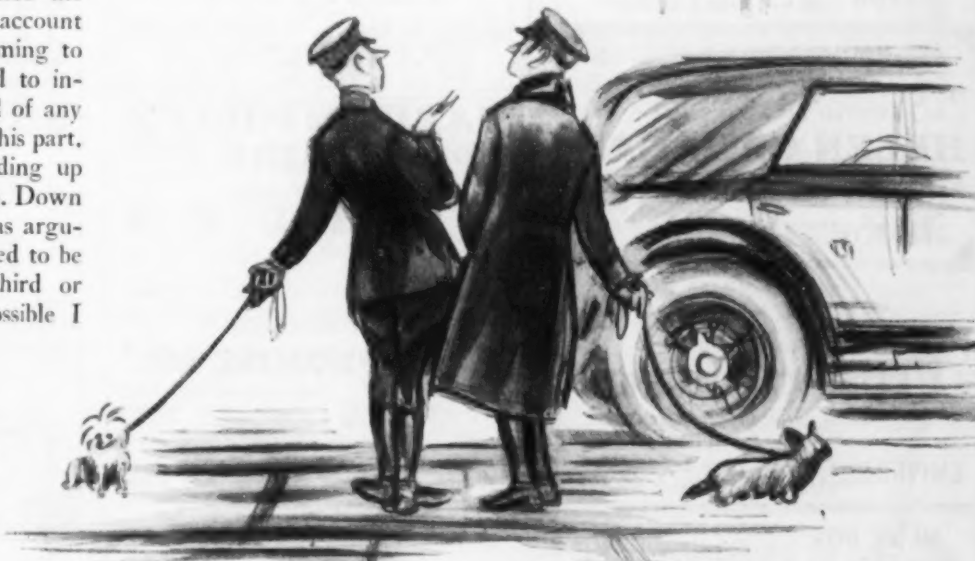
"No."

"Yes, come along."

"No, not now."

Michael volunteered to go with me. On our return Punch was not in his seat, as anticipated, but not out of sight, certainly. Down front, encouraged by all the irresponsible elements in the audience, he was peeping under the "shade." Seeing us, he came striding back, vastly pleased with himself, to announce that he would go now. "My God—" I started, but stopped myself; this was no time to discuss logic.

We came back to find Pierrot, in



*"She was considering marrying this gent, but I persuaded her to stick to the dog."*

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a spotlight before the curtain, reciting a rhymed prologue to "The Doll Shop." He had just begun, it was obvious, but Punch could not be convinced, protesting loudly that he should begin again. Couldn't I *do* something? No, I couldn't. In his eyes I sank even lower when I confessed my inability to repeat exactly what had been said before we returned. When he got home, he'd ask Father and find out.

Into the doll shop came a Dutch family, an English family, and an American family in the fashions of a century ago. The American's tall gray beaver hat, long coat, and tight pants were funny. How did I know they were Americans? It said so in the program. They both hoped I was reading in the right place. One by one, the dolls were exhibited by the French dollmaker and his good wife—two lovely Spanish dolls, a beautiful ballet girl, two coy French dolls (a boy and a girl). Neither of my guests was much moved by the sentimental to-do over the threatened separation of the French dolls, the Dutch family wanting one and the American the other. What caught their eye, Punch's particularly, was a pair of white French poodles, conventionally clipped in leonine fashion.

"The polar bears are nice," Punch granted. "Are they real?"

"No, not really, and they're not polar bears but French poodle dogs—that is, they're supposed to be. Really, of course, one's a little boy and the other's a little girl."

"A little boy polar bear?"

"No, not exactly, but a little boy *playing* he's a polar bear—a French poodle, I mean."

"I don't think so. I think they're polar bears."

THE dollmaker was now lighting lamps here and there, as darkness fell about his shop. The English family, the Dutch family, and finally the American family departed. Carefully the dolls were put away in their boxes, glass cupboards, and cases. When all was snug and tidy, the good man and his wife blew out the lamps and locked the shop for the day, leaving the stage in darkness.

"Is that all?" asked Michael.

"Yes," said Punch. "Let's go."

"No, no!" I exclaimed. "That's only half of it."

"Well, I'm tired," Punch announced, sitting down for the first time—an alarming symptom. For his part Michael was bearing up strongly,

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with eyes fixed upon the dark stage, from which now began to come faint sounds of movement. A doll had escaped from confinement and was relighting the lamps. In their master's absence the dolls planned a gambol.

"They're coming back, Punch."

"The polar bears?"

"Yes, they'll be right in."

Wearily Punch stood up again on his seat to watch critically a long tango by the Spanish dolls. From a closet leaped one little dancer, to skip about the stage on and off her toes. In extended pantomime the French dolls ran the gamut of their love and grief. The Dutch dolls and then others were aroused and released.

"Now will we see the polar bears?"

"Yes," I lied hopefuly, utterly unable to understand why they alone had failed to reappear.

Suddenly the dolls stopped short with terror at a loud noise offstage. Lamps were frantically extinguished as the dolls rushed to their accustomed places. At length they lay again in lifeless repose, as if nothing untoward had happened. The master entered, lit one lamp, found what he wanted, blew out the lamp, and departed—as the curtain fell, taking my last hope with it.

WAS that the end? Was *that* all it was? Would they do it again? Well, why not eat dinner in a store and come back? Would we take a taxi home? Where had I put the handkerchiefs? And the polar bears—where were they? Why had I said they'd come back? My reasoning in this and other regards, together with specific criticisms of the afternoon, formed the body of our conversation homeward. Later, however, Mary Ellen assured me that they had enjoyed themselves very much.

"They say they had such fun with you," she said. "What's your technique?"

"Oh, it's a gift," I said lamely—the cliché being as close as I dared come to it. "But I'm glad they had such a good time. Christmas, after all, is for children." —G. F. WILLISON

•

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 17 (AP)—The Memphis Evening Appeal said today that Mrs. Jaunita Beatrice Clutts, whose tttttttttt...fiPPcETAONSHRDLUBM husband had identified a body of a woman found near Marked Tree, Ark., as hers, has reported by long distance telephone that she was "very much alive."—*New Hampshire newspaper.*

He may not be such a bad guy.

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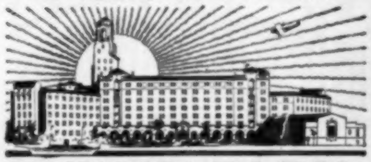

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# THE ART GALLERIES

### *Old Stories Retold—Lithos, Mexicans, and a Little of Everything*

ONE of the original Stieglitz group, Marsden Hartley, is showing at An American Place. He comes forward from time to time to exhibit the latest phase of his development. Like many another American, he is caught in the conflict between what the public demands and what he himself desires. He can never quite make up his mind whether to try to catch the contemporary eye or that of posterity. To us, however, he is a brilliant painter and may sometime become set in a style purely his own. While he has experimented with Cézanne landscapes, the heavy palette of Mexico, even now and then with Courbet rocks and trees, this searching around for the kind of painting that best suits his inner fire is nothing to hold against him, though it often confuses the public.

The present manifestations of Hartley are a brilliant retelling of old stories. There is nothing particularly new about them except indications of a happier outlook. The color is clear, though sometimes raucous, and the statement will not offend the old-fashioned. The pictures, then, resolve themselves mainly into decorative pieces of design. Hartley has strength, knowledge, and taste. If he survives the common enemy, hunger, he should come through to a happy compromise among his many warring impulses.

One room is devoted to the landscapes painted last summer. These are more in Hartley's old manner and are handsome. A still-life in the north room is also a sample of his better work. The show, about the only gay thing in town this fortnight, is worth your time.

KEPPEL has a comprehensive exhibition of lithographs, from Delacroix to Derain. Chief among them are some famous Lautrecs and two superb lithos by Cézanne. The collection makes a nice showing.

THE Delphic Studios have gone in for Mexicans with an exhibition that contains examples of nearly every

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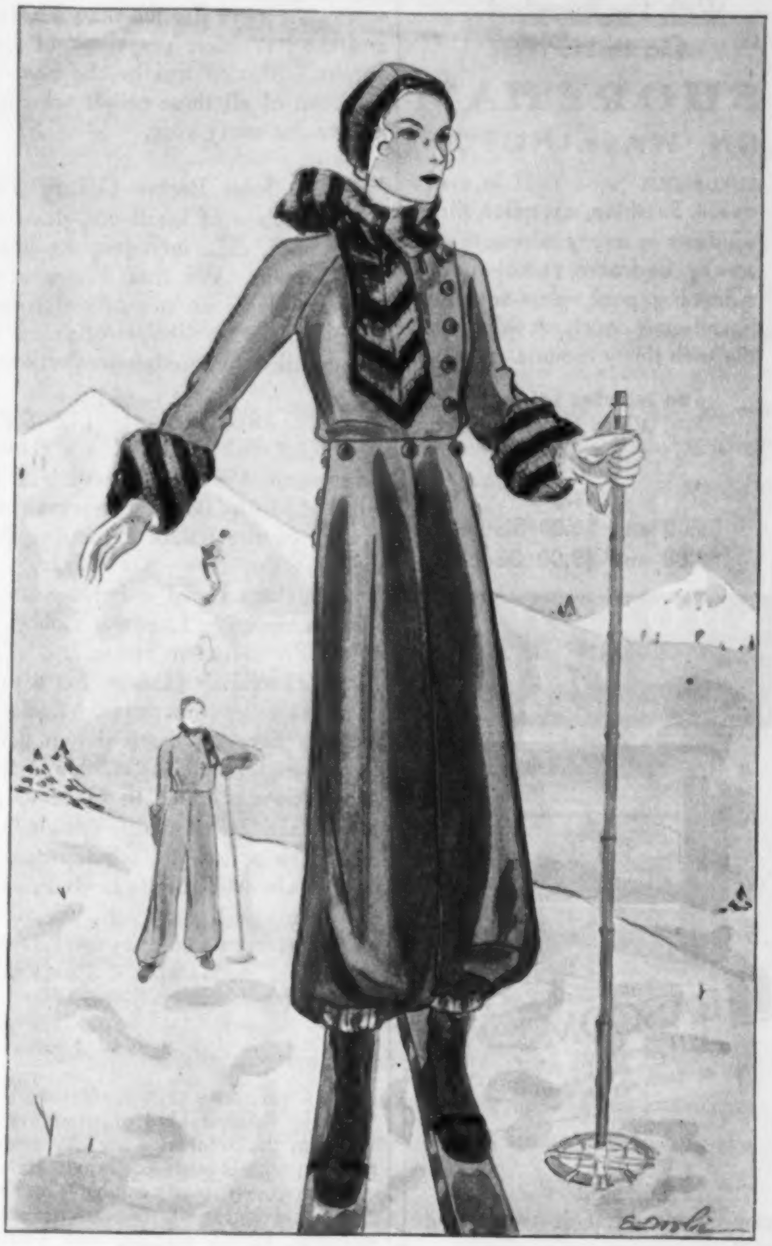

Schiaparelli designed this very attractive skiing suit of natural chamois, which is worn with a crocheted scarf and beret, in gaily colored stripes...The stitched gloves are of chamois with crocheted cuffs...

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BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND THEATRE TICKETS

artist of importance who belongs to the Mexican school. There are the red bulls of Carlos Mérida, shown last year, and several works from the album of Paul O'Higgins. Orozco is represented, of course, and Best-Maugard. We liked the "Mexican Road" of Gabriel Garcia Maroto, which is somewhat more French than Mexican, and the "Women Washing" of Louis Bunin. Mexico will be the next enthusiasm of all those people who need a new one every year.

THE John Becker Gallery has a collection of small oils, drawings, lithographs, etc., including an important Derain. We find it one of the pleasant places on our official rounds. It specializes in all sorts of prints and has excellent colored reproductions.

HERE AND THERE: The S.P.R. Galleries are holding a show of paintings by Werner Drewes. . . . The work of Mario Toppi, who is influenced heavily by the Italian Primitives, is on view at the New Art Circle. . . . The Etchers Guild is holding an exhibition in the Literary Lobby, 67 West Forty-fourth Street. . . . The Marie Harriman Gallery has a group of the younger Americans. Most of the pictures have not been shown before. . . . Ernest Haskell is exhibiting lithographs at the Macbeth Gallery. . . . Kraushaar is showing drawings by American artists. . . . Seligmann has bindings by Marguerite Loeb. . . . Horace Armistead and Sam Weinik are at the Morton Galleries until December 29. —MURDOCK PEMBERTON

•

In the briefest kind of summary Mr. Wiggam thus indicates the characters of the man who is truly educated: He cultivates the open mind; combines the three great heritages of education, Roman strength, Greek science, and Christian love; always listens to the man who knows; never laughs at new ideas; knows the secret of getting along with other people; cultivates the habit of success; knows as a man thinketh so is he; knows popular notions are always wrong; cannot be sold magic; links himself with a great cause; builds an ambition picture to fit his abilities; always tries to feel the emotion he ought to feel; keeps busy at his highest natural level; knows it is never too late to learn; never loses faith in the man he might have been; achieves the masteries that make him a world citizen; lives a great religious life.—*Boston Herald.*

And on top of all that, cuts himself shaving.

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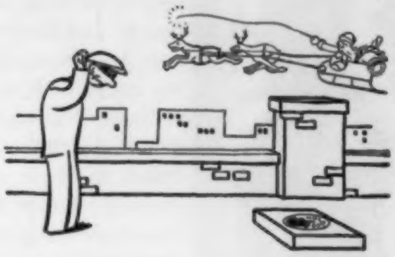
# HOCKEY

## *McVeigh's Big Night—The Rangers' Practice*

No league is complete without at least one team that makes the others look like world champions. Present showings in the National Hockey League make this a hard tradition to keep up, but it hasn't died. This year Philadelphia has kept it going. Beyond a doubt the Rangers would be world champions if they could always play Philadelphia; even the Americans might go far with such a schedule—yet their 3–0 win the other night was not a collective performance but the private celebration of Rabbit McVeigh.

It has been a long time since Rabbit had a celebration of any kind to which the public was admitted. Last year, when Conacher was the jovial bellwether of Mr. Dwyer's hockey organization, there were rumors of recurrent celebrations against which the coach protested from time to time, but these happy moments were not on the ice. In his appearances before local rooters the Rabbit flopped around in his familiar style. His ankles bent in strange parabolas as he scrambled after the puck; under his mane of crinkly, mud-colored hair he glared ferociously at referees and opponents; he hopped and wriggled; he perspired; he was Rabbit McVeigh; but somehow he did not score. The days when he had been the dangerous sharpshooter of the Blackhawks seemed far away. It became increasingly possible, since his performances this year continued to be unimpressive, that he would be retired to convalesce in the boneyard—the minor leagues. Nobody yelled "Yea, Rabbit!" any more; the fans, in fact, hardly noticed his presence. He seemed through. Then, in a blaze of brilliance, Rabbit McVeigh recovered his lost form. He bucked and capered through the Quakers for two of his team's goals, and assisted at the third. It is too bad more people weren't there to see it, but after all the Americans were playing Philadelphia. Unfortunately a team that makes other teams look like world champions is rarely able to draw championship crowds.

Frank Boucher was talking the other day about the mildness, as exercise, of professional hockey in its



*What a "snap" for this guy Santa Claus,*
*He goes in without breaking the laws;*
*He rides through the air*
*Enters just anywhere*
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present form. He was not complaining about having too little work to do but merely thinking of the kind of evenings that he and many other players who are now big-league stars used to spend in the backwoods and the city leagues of Canada. It was common then—and still is, in those leagues—for the forwards to skate sixty minutes without stopping, except for the usual intermissions between periods. Nowadays, with a coach replacing his first, second, and third lines at regular intervals, few forwards work more than three minutes at a stretch—a total of twenty minutes' skating in a full-length game. To an outsider it seems phenomenal that they can keep going at top speed even as long as that, but the players regard the modern short-playing intervals as rather effete. "You don't do much skating," said Boucher wistfully; "but what's the difference? You get used to it."

A FEW minutes later he and the rest of the Rangers' squad were making up for their lack of opportunities to skate by going through a hard practice. In red jerseys the first-string forwards and the spare defence skated against the young forward line and the regular defence, who wore the ordinary blue team uniforms. It was the middle of the afternoon; the big, empty Garden was filled with echoes and a yellowish twilight; every skate-stroke and exclamation rang out with startling clarity. The only spectator was a doorman who had sneaked in for a minute to stand looking on from one of the exits; but the Rangers did not mind the absence of an audience. They clowned through five minutes of warming-up with obvious enjoyment, and after Bill Cook started the game they worked seriously. Anyone coming in without knowing what was going on might have thought two major-league teams were playing there to empty benches, except that the side in red jerseys had no goalie. John Ross Roach is still the only goalie on the Rangers' payroll. That afternoon he stopped nineteen free shots in eight minutes. Why do they let fellows like that go on practicing? What hockey needs is higher scores.

—N. B., JR.

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[*From an Omaha paper*]

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# RECENT BOOKS

## *Boswell Up-to-Date—The Broad Atlantic—Czechoslovakian Fantasy — Emily Dickinson*

LET us pause to observe how adroitly Mr. F. V. Morley has performed the task of editing and abridging Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson" and "The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," reducing both to such compact dimensions that they can be published jointly in one volume. The book is appropriately titled "Everybody's Boswell," and is issued in binding uniform with the "Everybody's Pepys" edited by O. F. Morshead some time ago. The latter work, as you may recall, came in for a good deal of applause, chiefly for the purely practical reason that it brought down to a single volume the diary's usual bulky ten or twelve, though a few critics did remark that it speeded up the story considerably, too. This new book, however, offers far less in the way of practical advantage and hence, to my mind, deserves the greater praise artistically.

10¢
USED BOOKS

To be sure, it boils the "Life" down from the customary thousand pages or so to a scant five hundred. But this feat is more apparent than real: as I did not fail to notice, the book resorts to a rather crowded page to accomplish it, and I doubt if on the whole Mr. Morley has got rid of anywhere near half of Boswell's original text—nothing, you see, compared to what Mr. Morshead did with Pepys'. Moreover, as if further to deny a utilitarian purpose, the book has been cast in a format just a little too large in every dimension to fit in an overcoat pocket, thus cleverly putting a stop, even if the new text did not alone do so, to the practice so many foolish fogies have had of carrying their Boswell around with them, to dip into on train journeys and at other odd moments and lazy hours. This custom, by the way, so completely out of keeping with the modern scheme of things, the Oxford Press for one has done nothing to discourage, still publishing a handily got-up "Life" (complete) about half the size and less than half the weight of the present volume.

SINCE it seems lacking in any practical purpose, one is led to conclude that Mr. Morley's effort must have been purely a labor of love, and a glance at the text confirms this. The "Life" of Johnson, as Boswell wrote it, has many faults. It is desultory, disjointed, lacking sequence, climax, drama. It is full of random references to undistinguished contemporaries whose only merit now is that mention of their names in conversation would set Johnson off on one of his oratorical outbursts. It devotes pages to such irrelevancies as the "Scheme for the Classes of a Grammar School" which Johnson once drew up, quotations of pompous passages from his early writings, letters he wrote and letters he received. It gives little description of the background in which he lived, the author seeming almost to assume that his only readers would be those of his own time, who wouldn't need to be told about London. All in all, it is definitely the type of book which you could never imagine anybody reading through at a sitting, and Boswell himself admitted on the very first page that he was "not vain enough" to compare himself with the great names in biographical writing.

Mr. Morley's main effort seems to have been to correct these faults, and his work has been ably done. Boswell's own philosophical comments are thrown out entire. Conversations are snugged down, irrelevancies and outdated references sliced off, while excellent illustrations by Mr. Ernest H. Shepard help make up for the lack of atmosphere and background. In sum, the book is brought as near to the 1930 model of smooth-flowing, rapidly readable biography as the old-fashioned text will allow.

How long Mr. Morley's work will last is another question. There have been attempts at rejuvenating antiquated writing made in the past, and most have failed. There was a time, for example, when a number of dramatists occupied themselves in dressing up the uncouthnesses of Shakespeare to the tastes of a more refined eighteenth century. Colley Cibber was one whom you just remember, and there were others whose names are entirely forgotten. Let us hope, however, that Mr. Morley will have a longer fame, as the man who after something like

NESTLE

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A Western ranch nestled under tropic palms
Cowboy fun plus Florida
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two centuries and a half at last made Boswell's "Johnson" readable.

YOU probably won't hear much spoken generally of "A Century of Ocean Travel," by Frank C. Bowen, principally because the only people to like it will be those who are interested in the sea. Others, I think, would find it dull. It is, on the face of it, a purely matter-of-fact record of the development of Atlantic transport from 1830 to the present, with practically every detail accounted for. Events in the rise or fall of the various shipping companies are painstakingly gone into. Almost every vessel that crossed the ocean, under steam or sail, during that period is mentioned, her length, draught, and beam. Sensational voyages are chronicled, most unsensationally; and when, as sometimes happened, the vessel sank at last, the story of her loss is discussed without undue dramatics. Having told so much, I leave you to make up your own mind whether the book would bore you or, from the very minuteness of its detail, come completely alive and be packed with interest.

MOST people, I think, will like Henry Baerlein's "Dreamy Rivers." It is a journal of the author's travels, mostly afoot, in Czechoslovakia, but its charm is, first, that the story is cast in a mold somewhat different from that which is usual for travel books, and, second, that Czechoslovakia, from his account, must be an amusing and fantastic country to travel through. There is little description of things and places; he passes ruined castles and ancient shrines with hardly more than a glance. His chief interest is in the people he meets up with, and these seem to be a most engaging lot. Doctors descant

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Desires to suggest with Charles Lamb that as a proper antidote for that tired feeling following the tumult and the shouting of the Christmas rush there is nothing quite equal to "a good book and a quiet nook".

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on Roman customs; hotel porters come with your trunks and take you out to see the museums; market girls stop by the wayside for a moment's amatory chat with you, and give you an egg from their basket as a keepsake when they go. All this is told with a desultory frankness, an almost conversational lack of embellishment, that makes the oddity of the incidents still more refreshing.

THEN there is "The Saloon in the Home," a collection of comments and quotations from a number of pre-prohibition temperance workers, interspersed with recipes for making many post-prohibition beverages. It was compiled by Ridgely Hunt and George S. Chappell, and illustrated by John Held, Jr. The recipes form an excellent aid to people who want to try out something new on their guests, while the temperance arguments will keep the party amused while the host is busy mixing the ingredients. I liked particularly the story (quoted from the *American Temperance Magazine*) of the young inebriate who wandered into a blacksmith's shop, back in 1851, and died of spontaneous combustion.

DECEMBER 10, 1930, was the centenary anniversary of the birth of Emily Dickinson. No parades were held, but Little, Brown & Company quite appropriately issued a one-volume edition of her works, containing all of her poems that have been found to date. You probably know the curious history of her life, how she spent her days alone at Amherst, transported by strange mystical visions, writing of a mysterious passion in poems almost none of which was to be published or even known of until years after her death. The haunted beauty of her poetry needs no recommendation from me. —R. M. C.

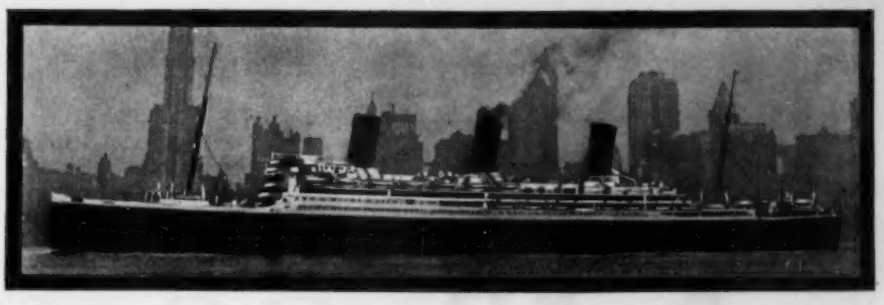
•

## AFTERNOON FERRY

The rain fell slowly into the hushed city
And into the dark water of the bay.
Gulls rode the tide on blocks of ice,
Gray upon gray.

There was Hoboken ahead of me, and
Union City,
And the rain wetting my face,
And the boat ploughing through water
and broken ice
From one desolate place to another
desolate place.

—LINDLEY WILLIAMS HUBBELL



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Bless your heart, of course it can! *But why should it want to!*

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Your business can get along with old ideas stifling new.

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Many do.

*But the most progressive, most successful, most profitable businesses don't!*

ADMITTING that you can do without THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—where is the gain in denying yourself its unique and tested advantages?

Where is the wisdom in sacrificing *time, money, effect* in attempting otherwise to reach those intelligent and substantial American homes that The Post *does* reach — that hub *three-million-families-strong* that turns the taste, thinking, *buying* of the nation?

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That is why this magazine stands head and shoulders above all others as carrier of advertising for the leaders of American business!

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"AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION"

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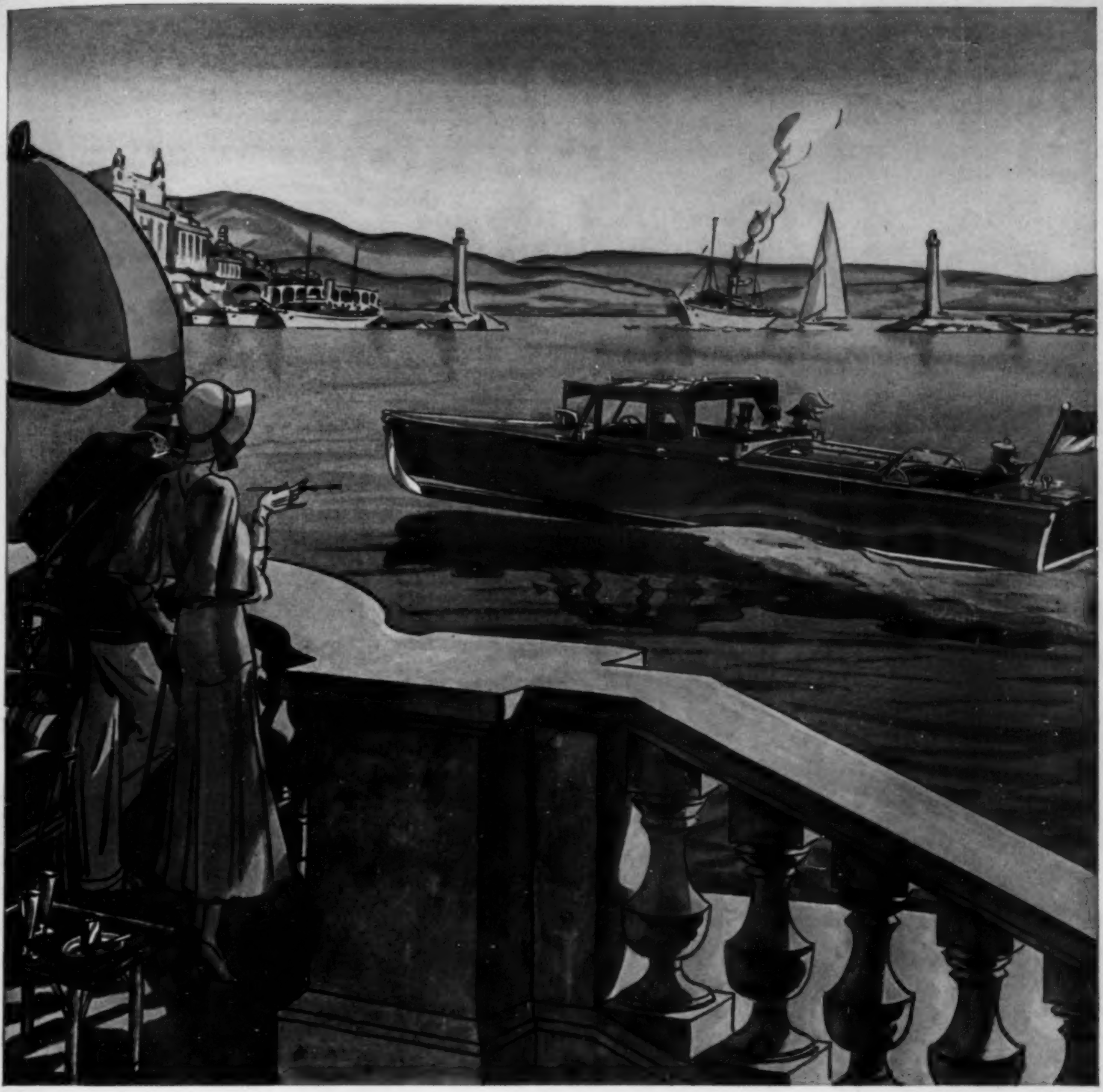

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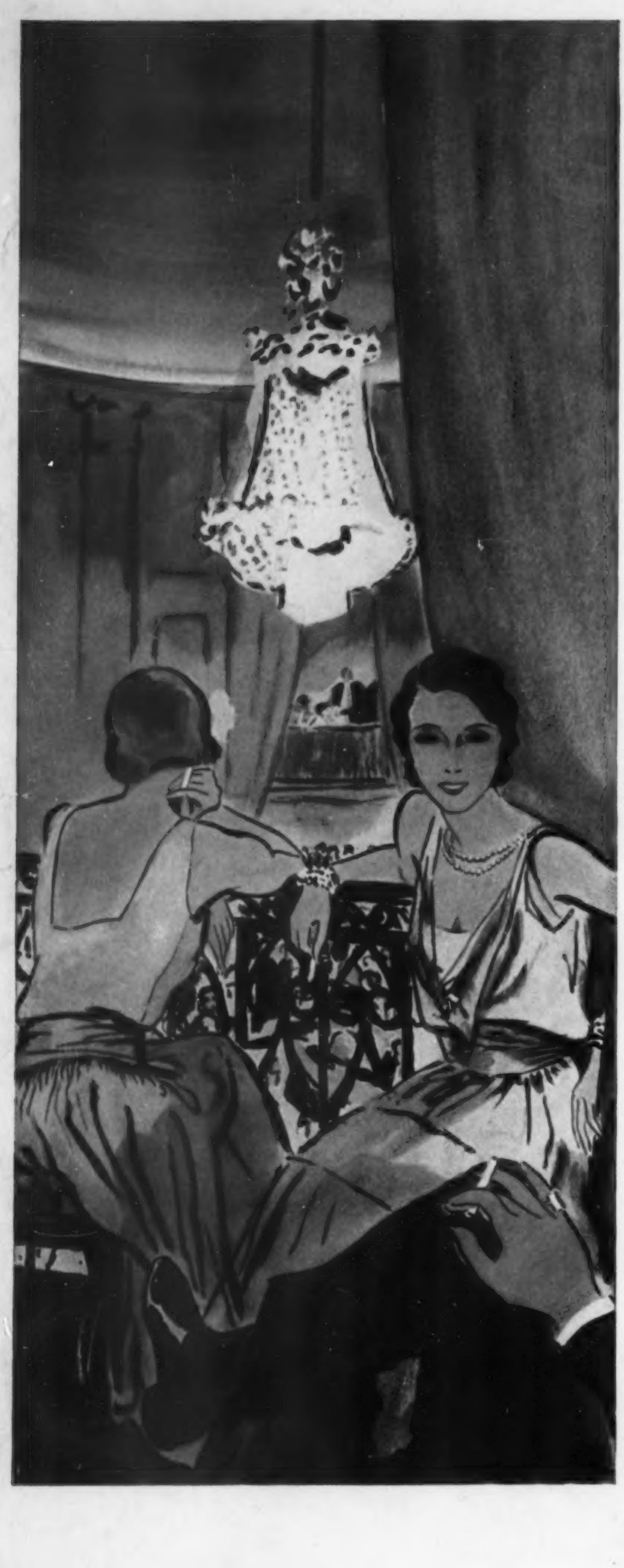

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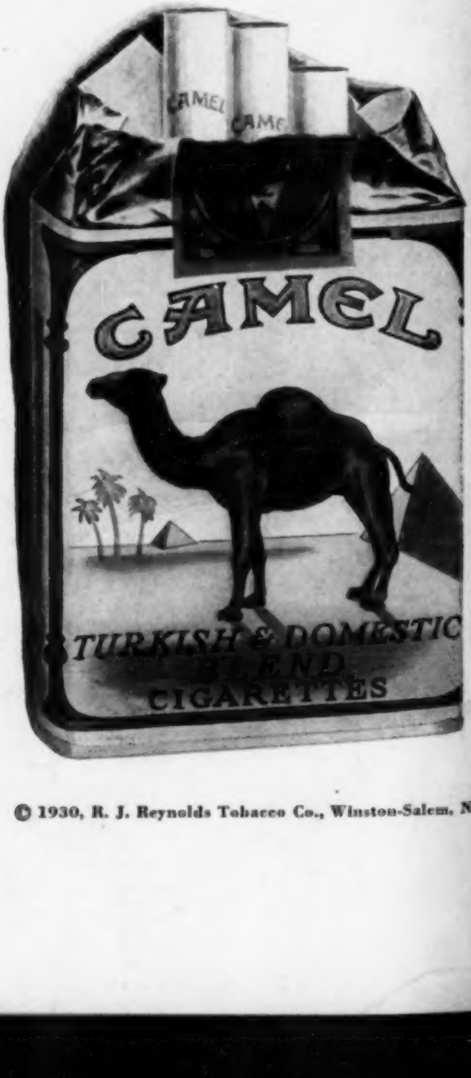
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CAMEL
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